

MAY VOL. 7—NO. 12

# BLUE BOLT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

10¢



JACK  
HARMON

BLUE BOLT



[illegible]



# BLUE BOLT FLASHES

## The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Blue Bolt and Snap Doodle have certainly been doing a lot of traveling lately. Talk about roving reporters — Bolt could probably tell any one of them a thing or two about a far-off place, and Snap could supply pictures to back him up.

Yet even though the life of a wandering journalist is fascinating, it is not always free of loneliness. The editor, of "Glimpses" would have to be pretty hard-boiled not to realize that Blue Bolt and Snap are as human as the rest of us.

Confidentially, both of them would like to get home for a little while. They are adventurers at heart, but the old saying: "Home is where the heart lies," can be interpreted in many different ways.

So, we've been wondering whether you would like to see Blue Bolt on a "home" assignment. Perhaps he'll meet a beautiful secretary in the "Glimpses" office, ask the editor for a raise, and go on from there. And wouldn't Snap get a bang out of shooting the "official pix" of the wedding! We're not saying that Blue Bolt would allow himself to be hog-tied that easily, but it could happen.

What say to a look-see into Blue Bolt's future! Give us a glimpse of what you'd like!

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

Of all the different stories in your book, I think "Dick Cole" is the best. Then come "Edison Bell," "Fearless Fellers," and "Sergeant Spook."

But I think that Dick Cole should not be the lucky one all the time. Nor should Farr win all the sports events.

Otherwise, I think BLUE BOLT is the best comic book put out.

Sincerely yours,  
Joseph Robisheaux  
Texas City, Texas

*We have a notion, Joseph, that the breaks will not always favor Dick and the Farr teams. Lady Luck has a way of twisting things to suit her fancy.*

Dear Editors:

I enjoy BLUE BOLT comics very much because it contains comedy, adventure, and mystery.

Best of all I like "Dick Cole," "Blue Bolt the American," and "Fearless Fellers." The other comics are swell, too. "Blue Bolt Flashes" are also good, and I get a kick out of the Q's and A's because I quiz my brother on them.

I have only one complaint to make and that is about the placing of the A's. It would be better if you put them in the back of the book.

A BLUE BOLT fan,  
Shirley Wagner  
Keedysville, Md.

*How about it, gang? Do you agree with Shirley on the placing of the A's?*

Dear Editors:

After reading your book the first time, I resolved to make it a habit. Now I always have a dime handy when I rush to the store to get my copy. My parents approve wholeheartedly of your magazine.

My favorite characters are Dick Cole, Sergeant Spook, and the Fearless Fellers. I also like the Q's and A's. They are very educational.

Sincerely,  
Antoinette Barbaro  
Bronx, N. Y.

*Glad the Barbaros like BLUE BOLT, Antoinette.*

Dear Editors:

In reading the comic joke page, "Bluebolts and Nuts," of your December 1946 issue of BLUE BOLT, I discovered one of the jokes contained an error. It said that "M" appears once in a moment, once in a month, and once in a million. This isn't true because, as you can see, the letter "M" appears twice in moment.

The correct answer is the letter "O."

Respectfully yours,  
John J. Stavola  
Hartford, Conn.

*Thanks, John, for finding this slip, and for supplying us with the correct answer.*

Dear Editors:

The comics I like most in BLUE BOLT are "Dick Cole," "Edison Bell," "Fearless Fellers," and "Kris-ko and Jasper."

"Sergeant Spook" is thrilling, too. I think the big bully in the December issue is cheating the small boys. He ought to be put behind bars.

I still think BLUE BOLT is tops.

A faithful reader,  
Bobby Cherry  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

*He certainly was cheating the small boys, Bobby. But we think he's mighty sorry for it now.*

Dear Editors:

We wish to draw your attention to "Bluebolts and Nuts" in the December issue of BLUE BOLT. We have enclosed a mistake you made. There are two M's in moment instead of one, so the answer is not right.

Sincerely yours,  
Jo Anne Phenix  
Ruthanna Silver  
Eaton, Ohio

*You're right—we're wrong. Milt Hammer's so unhappy about the whole thing that he is thinking of rubbing out one of the M's in his last name.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

# DICK COLE



ART BY JIM WILCOX.

THIS TERRAIN IS IDEAL. SOME ANCIENT UPHEAVAL PLAYED TRICKS WITH THIS STRATA. FOR INSTANCE, NO ONE KNOWS WHAT WATERS FEED SHINY LAKE HERE...IT IS PROBABLY SOME UNDERGROUND STREAM FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LED BY THEIR INSTRUCTOR, MR. WHIPPLE, SIX CADETS FROM THE SCIENCE CLASS ARE SEARCHING FOR FOSSILS IN THE ROCKY FOOTHILLS TO THE NORTH OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY. THEY HALT BY A SMALL LAKE.

TEAM UP IN PAIRS, BOYS, AND DIG UP ON THOSE SLOPES. I EXPECT STEADY WORK AND HOPE FOR RESULTS, ESPECIALLY FROM THAT CERTAIN YOUNG MAN WHO IS IN DANGER OF FAILING THE COURSE.



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor  
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Jesse C. Rogers, Jr., Associate Editor  
Jean Gibson Brundage, Editorial Assistant; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

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THE BOYS  
MOVE  
OFF.

THE PROF MEANS  
ME, DICK. IF I DON'T  
GET A GOOD MARK ON  
THIS FIELD TEST, I'LL  
PROBABLY FLUNK OUT  
OF FARR. MY MARKS ARE  
LOWER THAN A SNAKE'S  
ADAM'S APPLE!

BUCK UP, EDDY. WE'LL  
WORK TOGETHER AND  
TURN UP SOMETHING  
GOOD.

I HOPE SO! I  
LOVE FARR AND  
I'D HATE TO BE  
CANNED FROM THE  
PLACE.

HEY, DICK,  
LOOK OVER THERE.  
HERE COMES OLD  
PROFESSOR PICKUS  
AND HIS DOG  
TAGS.

GEE, IF I  
WAS AS SMART  
AS OLD PICKUS,  
IT'D BE A  
CINCH.

BUT HE'S HAD A  
TOUGH TIME, EDDY. HE  
NEVER GOT RECOGNITION  
FOR HIS YEARS AS A  
PROF OF PALEONTOLOGY.

HE'S RETIRED  
NOW AND HIS ONLY  
PLEASURE IS TO ROAM  
THESE HILLS WITH HIS  
DOG. I FEEL SORRY  
FOR HIM, EDDY.

UNH-HUH. BUT  
I STILL WISH I  
HAD HIS BRAINS.  
WELL, LET'S  
GET DIGGIN'  
AGAIN.

AS THE BOYS RETURN  
TO WORK, MR. WHIPPLE  
COMES UP.

I WANT TO  
HELP YOU STAY  
IN SCHOOL, BROWN,  
BUT ANOTHER OF  
YOUR SILLY  
BLUNDERS AND  
I'LL HAVE TO  
FAIL YOU.

I'VE BEEN STUDYING  
AWFUL HARD AND I  
KNOW THESE FOSSILS  
FROM A TO Z AND  
BACK AGAIN, SIR.

HMPH!  
WELL, WE'LL  
SEE!

SOMETIME LATER, EDDY GIVES A STARTLING  
YELL...

DICK! C'MERE! LOOK,  
A CAMELOPUS BONE! DATES  
BACK TO THE PLEISTOCENE  
PERIOD, A HALF-MILLION  
YEARS AGO! BOY, IT'S A  
GREAT DISCOVERY!

GOSH! ARE  
YOU SURE,  
EDDY?

POSITIVE, DICK! SCIENTISTS HAVE  
BEEN ARGUING WHETHER THE  
CAMELOPUS EVER LIVED IN THIS  
AREA, AND HERE'S PROOF IT DID!  
AND THERE ARE **MORE BONES**  
IN THAT  
HOLE!

BE CAREFUL  
PUTTING THE BONES  
IN THE BAGS, EDDY.  
THEY'RE PRETTY  
FRAGILE.

GOLLY, WHAT A  
BREAK! NOW MAYBE  
I'LL PASS! LET'S  
GO AND FIND MR.  
WHIPPLE!

AS THE BOYS HURRY AWAY TO FIND MR. WHIPPLE,  
A MAN AND A DOG SCRAMBLE DOWN OVER THE  
ROCKS...

COME, TAGS,  
LET'S SEE WHAT  
EXCITED THOSE BOYS.  
THEY FOUND SOME-  
THING, MAYBE A  
BONE BURIED  
BY YOU.

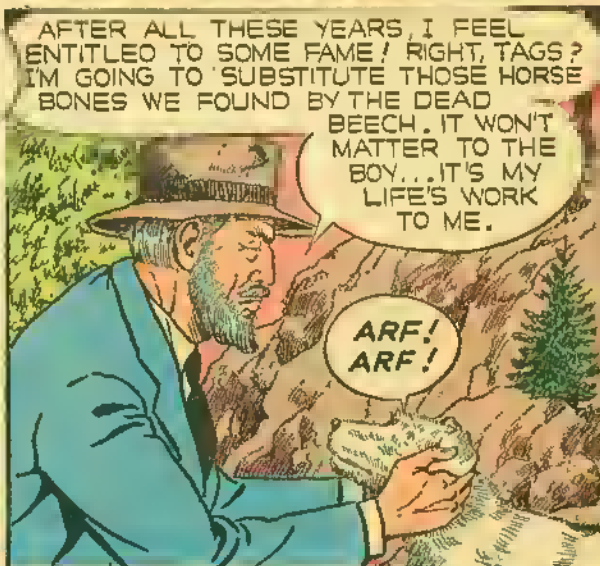
ARF!  
ARF!

GREAT SCOTT! PERFECTLY  
PRESERVED BONES OF THE  
CAMELOPUS! WHAT A STIR  
THIS WILL MAKE  
IN PALEONTOLOGY  
CIRCLES!





IT ISN'T FAIR! THESE BONES WILL MAKE THE FINDER FAMOUS! THE CREDIT'LL GO TO THAT BLIMP OF A CADET! IN FORTY YEARS OF PATIENT LABOR, I NEVER HAD A BREAK LIKE THIS! IT'S CRUEL!



AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I FEEL ENTITLED TO SOME FAME! RIGHT, TAGS? I'M GOING TO SUBSTITUTE THOSE HORSE BONES WE FOUND BY THE DEAD BEECH. IT WON'T MATTER TO THE BOY...IT'S MY LIFE'S WORK TO ME.

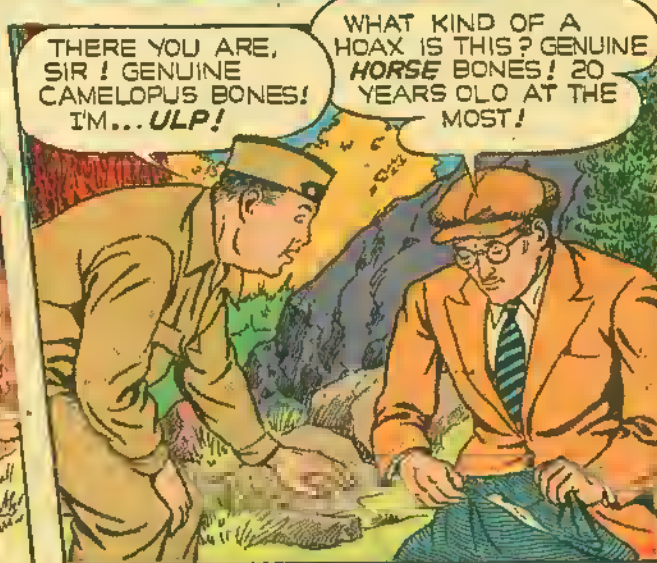
ARF!  
ARF!

PROFESSOR PICKUS MAKES THE SUBSTITUTION OF THE BONES. THEN HE AND HIS DOG DEPART. SOON...



EDWARD BROWN, IF THIS IS A WILD-GOOSE CHASE, YOU'LL REGRET IT!

JUST WAIT AND SEE, SIR. THE BONES ARE RIGHT OVER THERE.



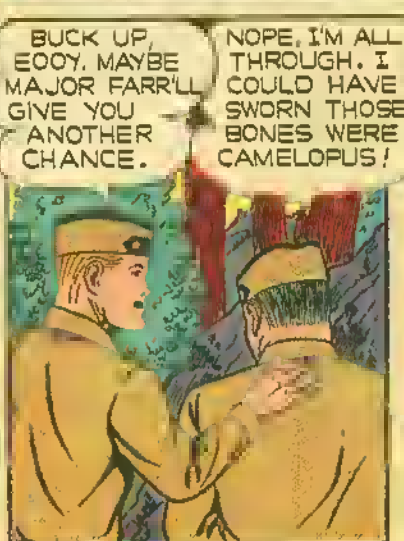
THERE YOU ARE, SIR! GENUINE CAMELOPUS BONES! I'M... ULP!

WHAT KIND OF A HOAX IS THIS? GENUINE HORSE BONES! 20 YEARS OLD AT THE MOST!



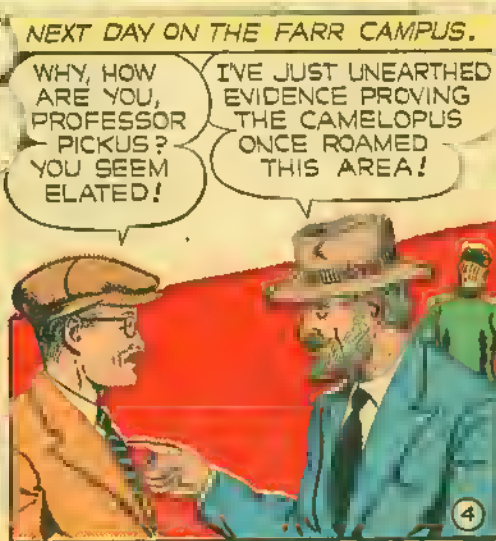
YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, BROWN! SUCH STUPIDITY I CANNOT EXCUSE! YOU STUDIED? **BAH!**

AND MR. WHIPPLE STALKS AWAY...



BUCK UP, BOOY. MAYBE MAJOR FARR'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE.

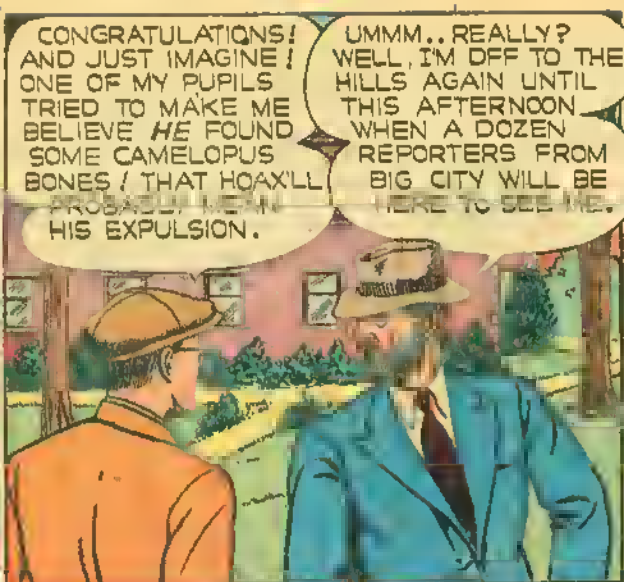
NOPE, I'M ALL THROUGH. I COULD HAVE SWORN THOSE BONES WERE CAMELOPUS!



NEXT DAY ON THE FARR CAMPUS.

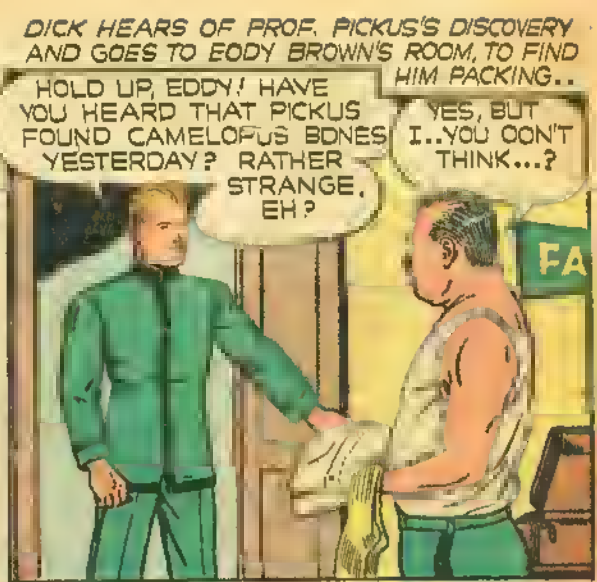
WHY, HOW ARE YOU, PROFESSOR PICKUS? YOU SEEM ELATED!

I'VE JUST UNEARTHED EVIDENCE PROVING THE CAMELOPUS ONCE ROAMED THIS AREA!



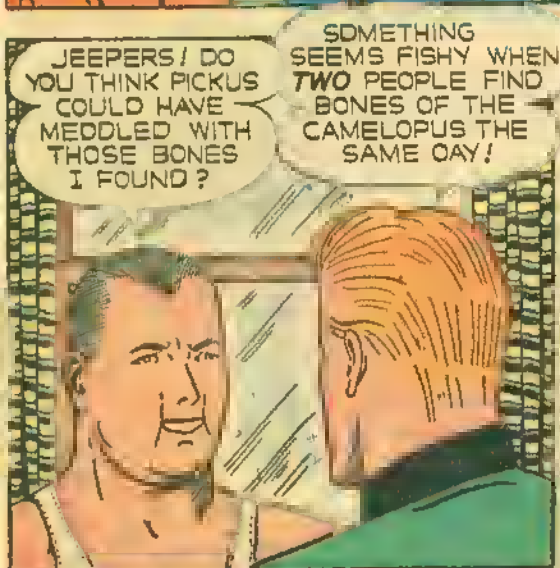
CONGRATULATIONS!  
AND JUST IMAGINE!  
ONE OF MY PUPILS  
TRIED TO MAKE ME  
BELIEVE HE FOUND  
SOME CAMELOPUS  
BONES! THAT HOAX'LL  
PROBABLY MEAN  
HIS EXPULSION.

UMMM.. REALLY?  
WELL, I'M OFF TO THE  
HILLS AGAIN UNTIL  
THIS AFTERNOON  
WHEN A DOZEN  
REPORTERS FROM  
BIG CITY WILL BE  
HERE TO SEE ME.



DICK HEARS OF PROF. PICKUS'S DISCOVERY  
AND GOES TO EDDY BROWN'S ROOM, TO FIND  
HIM PACKING..  
HOLD UP, EDDY! HAVE  
YOU HEARD THAT PICKUS  
FOUND CAMELOPUS BONES  
YESTERDAY? RATHER  
STRANGE,  
EH?

YES, BUT  
I..YOU CAN'T  
THINK...?



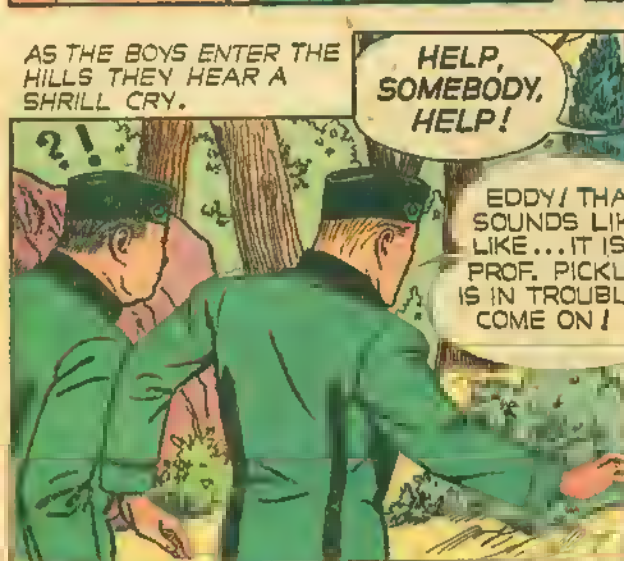
JEEPERS! DO  
YOU THINK PICKUS  
COULD HAVE  
MEDDLED WITH  
THOSE BONES  
I FOUND?

SOMETHING  
SEEMS FISHY WHEN  
TWO PEOPLE FIND  
BONES OF THE  
CAMELOPUS THE  
SAME DAY!

A SHORT CONFERENCE WHILE EDDY DRESSES—  
THEN THE BOYS, GRASPING AT A STRAW, HEAD  
FROM FARR INTO THE HILLS.

MAYBE WE CAN'T PROVE  
WHAT I SUSPECT, BUT AT  
WORST WE MIGHT FIND  
A FOSSIL  
WORTH A  
PASSING GRADE  
FROM WHIPPLE.

IT'S WORTH  
THE TRY, DICK.  
SO LET'S  
HURRY.



AS THE BOYS ENTER THE  
HILLS THEY HEAR A  
SHRILL CRY.

HELP,  
SOMEBODY,  
HELP!

EDDY! THAT  
SOUNDS LIKE—  
LIKE... IT IS!  
PROF. PICKUS  
IS IN TROUBLE!  
COME ON!



WHAT'S  
WRONG,  
PROFESSOR?

MY DOG, TAGS!  
HE FELL DOWN  
THAT CREVICE!  
OH, HELP HIM!





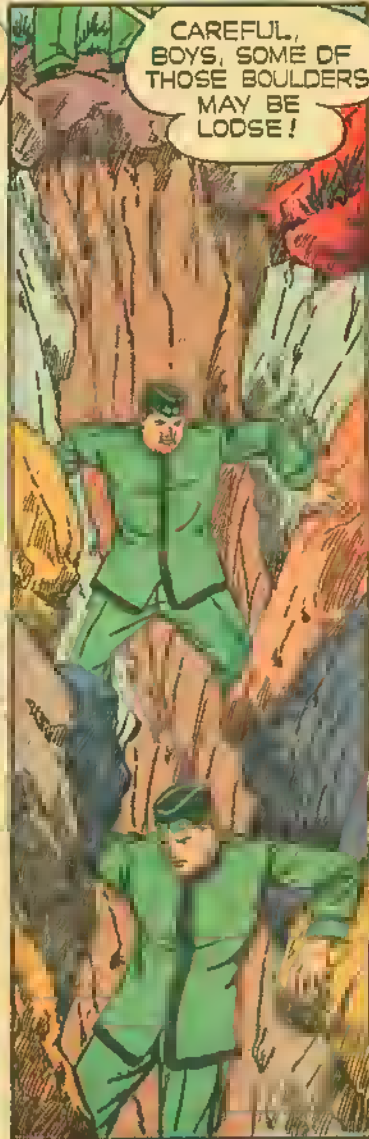
THERE HE IS, UNDER THAT JUTTING LEDGE. SEE? SOME 20 FEET DOWN.

OH, YES. HE SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT.



THE SIDES ARE UNEVEN, EDDY. I'M GOING TO STRADDLE DOWN AND GET HIM!

I'M COMING, TOD. YOU MIGHT NEED SOME HELP.



CAREFUL, BOYS. SOME OF THOSE BOULDERS MAY BE LODGE!

AS THEY REACH THE BOTTOM, AN OMINDUS RUMBLE SOUNOS ABOVE THEM!



HI, TAGS! YOU ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW?

DICK! THE CREVICE IS CAVING IN!



GOOD GRIEF! SOME LOOSE BOULDERS HAVE TUMBLLED AND LODGED HALFWAY DOWN THE SHAFT! WE'RE TRAPPED!



PROFILE OF THE CREVICE.

ROCKS JAMMED

DICK EDDY

DESPERATELY THE BOYS GROPE AROUND IN THE DARK. SUDDENLY...



EDDY, COME HERE! I'VE FOUND A SMALL OPENING TO A CAVE. MAYBE IT'S A WAY OUT OF THIS MESS.

ARF! ARF-ARF!

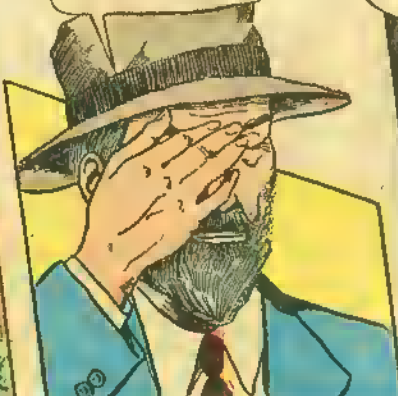
GOSH, DICK, I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT!

AND ABOVE.



OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE! THERE IS NO WAY THAT I CAN HELP! THOSE ROCKS WEIGH A TON!

AND TO THINK I CHEATED THAT BOY WHO HAS JUST GIVEN HIS LIFE FOR MY DOG! OH, IF I COULD **ONLY** MAKE AMENDS!



MEANWHILE THE BOYS BELOW ENTER THE SMALL CAVE, WHICH WIDENS INTO A LARGE CAVERN WITH A STREAM.

LOOK, DICK, A SUBTERRANEAN STREAM!

YES! LET'S FOLLOW IT. IT MUST FLOW TO THE SURFACE SOMEWHERE NOT TOO FAR OFF.



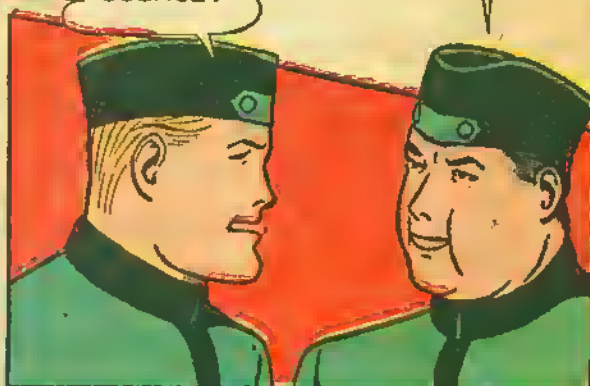
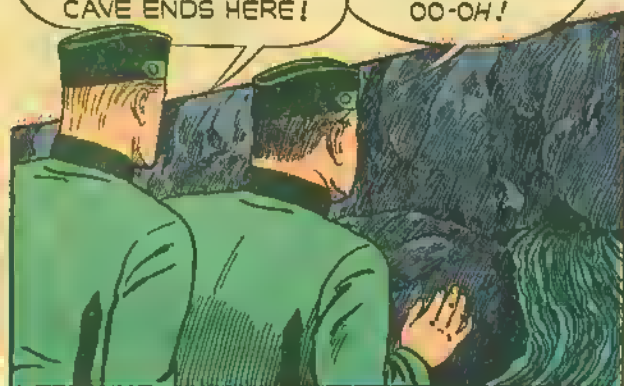
THE BOYS FOLLOW THE STREAM FOR SOME DISTANCE, UNTIL...

GOOD GRIEF! DEAD END! THE STREAM CONTINUES BUT THE CAVE ENDS HERE!

THEN WE'RE TRAPPED FOR GOOD! THERE'S NO ESCAPE! OO-OH!

EDDY! MAYBE THIS UNDERGROUND STREAM IS THE ONE THAT FEEDS SHINY LAKE. REMEMBER WHIPPLE SAID THERE MUST BE SOME SUCH SOURCE.

SO WHAT? HOW DOES THAT HELP US?



INSTEAD OF DYING A SLOW DEATH HERE, WE CAN TRY SWIMMING UNDERWATER TO SHINY LAKE.

IT'S A VERY SLIM CHANCE IF YOU ASK ME, DICK!



BUT IT'S OUR **ONLY** CHANCE! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT! THIS SPOT IS NOT FAR FROM THE LAKE. WITH LUCK, WE SHOULD MAKE IT. OFF WITH THE DUDS!

WE-E-LL, OKAY.



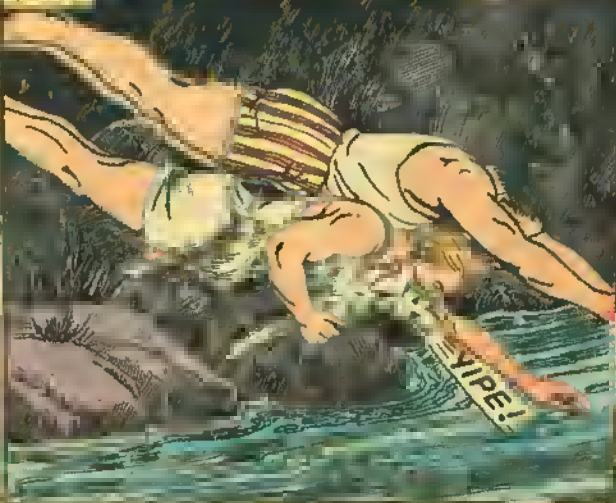


BR-R-R! IT'S CHILLY AND THAT WATER LOOKS COLD AND MIGHTY SWIFT!

GOOD! THAT'S WHAT I COUNT ON TO GET US THROUGH...WELL, LET'S GO!



DICK SEIZES TAGS AND THE BOYS PLUNGE IN...



LOW BRIDGE, DICK...BETTER DUCK!

DICK, TAGS AND EDDY GO UNDERWATER...

TWO MINUTES, THIRTY SECONDS... THEN...



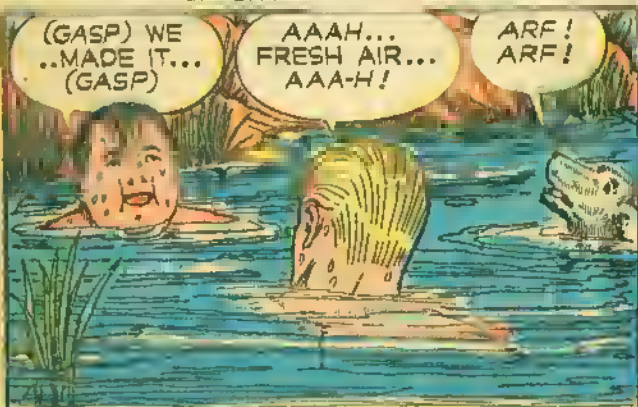
AS LUNGS ARE REACHING THE BURSTING POINT AND LIGHTS FLASH BEFORE THEIR EYES, THEY SUDDENLY BOB TO THE SURFACE OF SHINY LAKE.

FINALLY THEY REACH THE DISTRACTED PROFESSOR.

(GASP) WE ..MADE IT... (GASP)

AAAH... FRESH AIR... AAA-H!

ARF! ARF!



MERCIFUL HEAVENS! AM I SEEING GHOSTS? NO...IT IS YOU! BUT HOW DID YOU GET OUT? AND TAGS! TAGS! COME HERE, BOY!



THEY CLAMBER ONTO THE SHORE AND GINGERLY MAKE THEIR WAY OVER THE ROUGH TERRAIN UNTIL ...

QUESTION No. 4. Is the ghost in "Hamlet," Hamlet's father, brother or son?

UH... YOUNG MAN, YOU SAVED MY DOG  
AT THE RISK OF YOUR LIFE, WHILE I...  
I HAVE DONE YOU A GRAVE INJUSTICE...  
I TDDK THE CAMELOPUS BONES YOU  
FOUND AND SUBSTITUTED HORSE  
BONES.



THEN YOU MEAN,  
THAT IS, I REALLY .  
DID FIND THE BONES  
OF THE CAMELOPUS?  
GOSH!

YES, MY LAD,  
AND SDON THE  
WHOLE WORLD  
WILL KNOW!



SOMETIME LATER BACK AT FARR MILITARY  
ACADEMY.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS,  
THE DISCOVERY OF THE CAMELOPUS  
BONES, A BRILLIANT PIECE OF WRK,  
WAS MADE BY EDWARD BROWN, A CADET  
HERE AT FARR. I HAD ABSOLUTELY  
NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!



BUT YOU ARE AN  
EXPERT ON THIS,  
PROFESSOR. ALSO YOU  
WERE RIGHT ON THE  
SPDT. MY PAPER WANTS  
YOU TO DO A SERIES OF  
ARTICLES ON THE  
CAMELOPUS ANYWAY!

FAME! FAME!  
AT LAST! AND  
BEST OF ALL, I  
DON'T HAVE TO  
CALL MYSELF  
A CHEAT!



LATER.

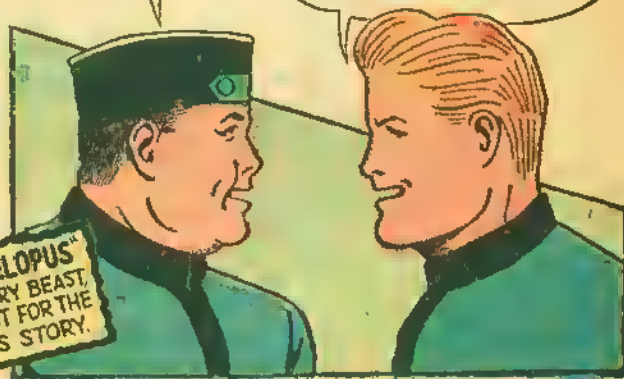
WELL, BROWN, I WISH TO  
INFORM YOU THAT YOU ARE  
PASSING THE COURSE  
WITH HONORS.

OH, SWELL!  
THANKS, MR.  
WHIPPLE!



DICK! WHIPPLE  
PASSED ME WITH  
HONORS! I'M STILL  
A STUDENT AT  
FARR! WHOOP-E-E!

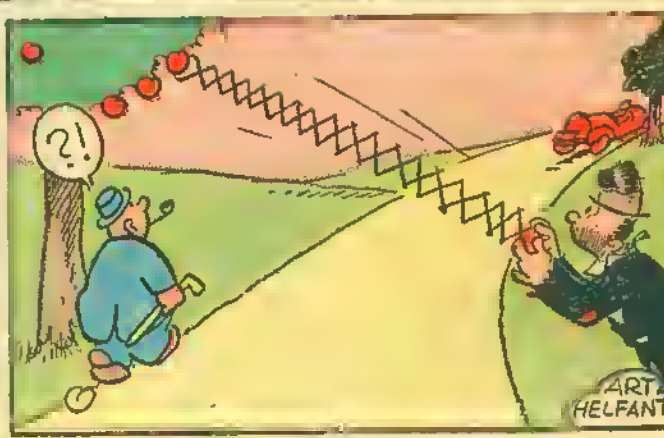
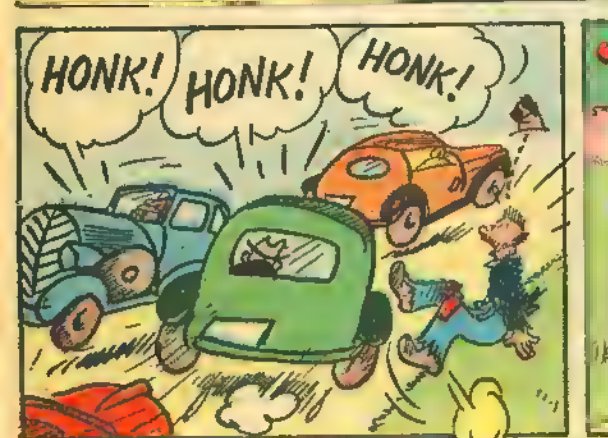
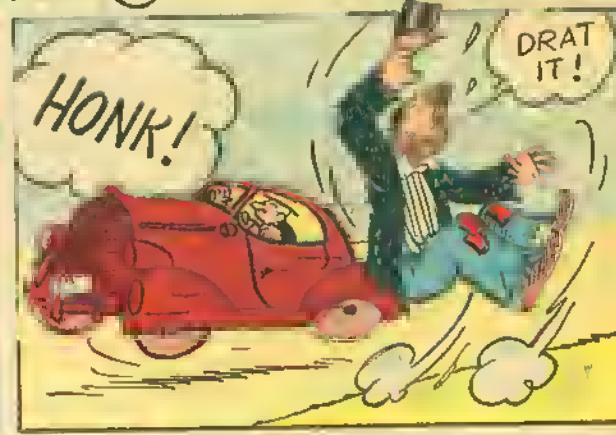
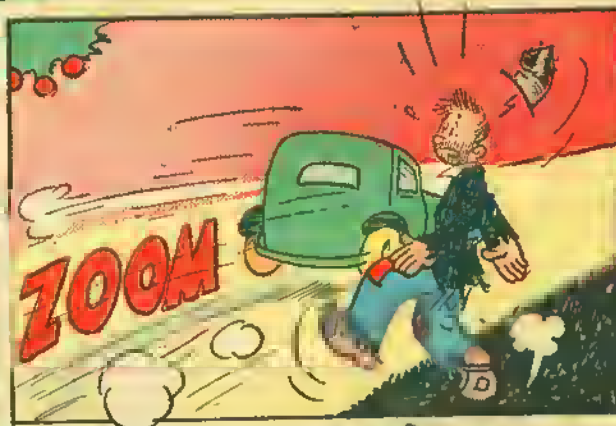
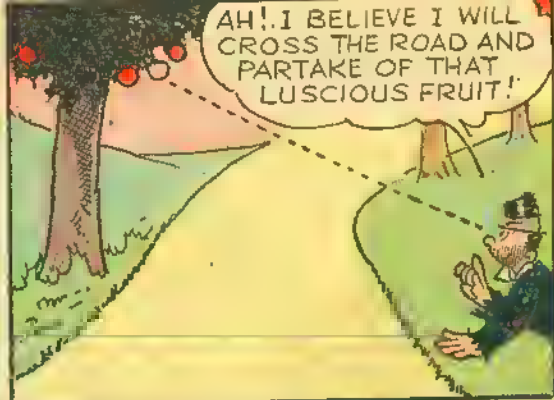
YOU SURE HAD A  
BDNE TO PICK WITH  
PICKUS, BUT THE  
PRDF PROVED HE  
WASNT SUCH A MEAN  
OLD FDSIL AFTER  
ALL, EH, EDDY?



NOTE: THE "CAMELOPUS"  
IS AN IMAGINARY BEAST  
CREATED JUST FOR THE  
SAKE OF THIS STORY.



# HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO



# Sergeant Spook



ART BY DON RICO

TODAY WE FIND JERRY IN VERY GREAT TROUBLE!

OOOH!  
MY TOOTH!  
GROAN!  
GROAN!

YOU'LL BE  
ALL RIGHT  
SOON, JERRY!  
THE DENTIST  
WILL FIX  
IT UP!

WELL...THIS  
IS IT! I HOPE  
HE'S NOT  
KIDDING ABOUT  
THAT "PAINLESS"  
STUFF!

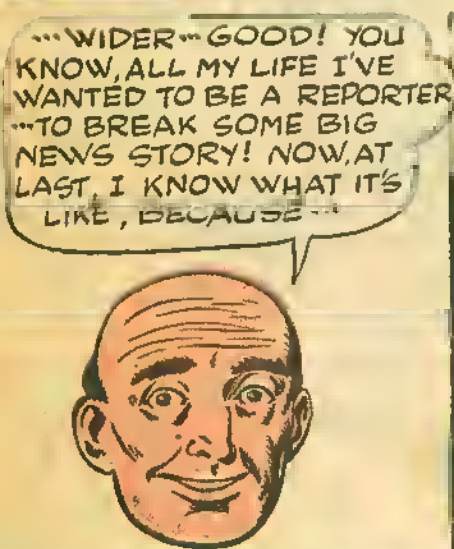
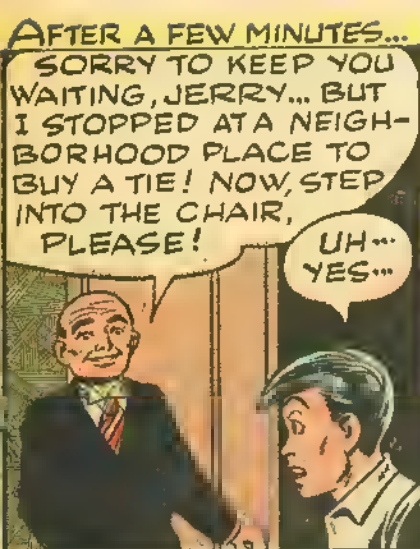
DON'T WORRY!  
I'LL GO IN  
WITH YOU!

NO ONE'S  
HERE! GUESS  
I'LL COME BACK  
TOMORROW OR  
SOMETHING!

HOLD  
ON!  
YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
WAIT!







YOU'LL  
BE FAST  
ASLEEP  
SOON!

EXCUSE ME,  
DOC... BUT  
I GOTTA TALK  
TO YOU  
OUTSIDE!

IT'S IMPORTANT...  
ABOUT THAT TIE  
YOU JUST  
BOUGHT!

THE TIE! ...OH, VERY  
WELL! I'LL TURN OFF THE  
GAS... BUT I CAN GIVE YOU  
ONLY A MINUTE!



AS SOON  
AS THE  
DENTIST  
STEPS  
OUTSIDE...

WELL, WHAT  
ABOUT THE--  
OH! OH!  
A GUN!  
OOH!

STOP THE NOISE, OR  
I'LL LET YOU HAVE  
IT! NOW--GET IN  
THAT CAR...



MEANWHILE, SPOOK HEARS  
THE DOC'S CRY, AND...

SOMETHING'S  
WRONG! HE'S IN  
TROUBLE!

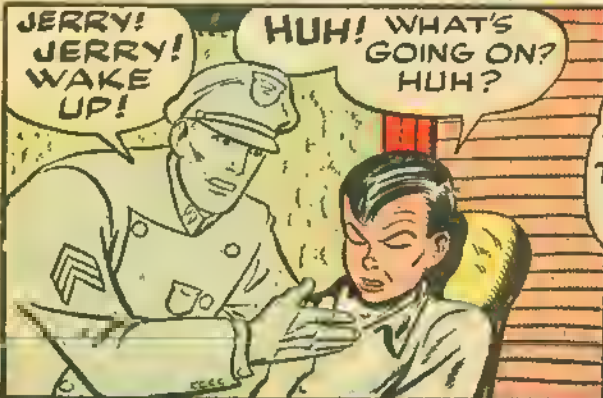


THEY'RE GONE! THAT CAR! DOC MUST HAVE  
BEEN KIDNAPPED! I'LL HAVE TO SHAKE  
JERRY OUT OF IT! LUCKY HE WASN'T  
GIVEN A FULL DOSE  
OF GAS!



JERRY!  
JERRY!  
WAKE  
UP!

HUH! WHAT'S  
GOING ON?  
HUH?



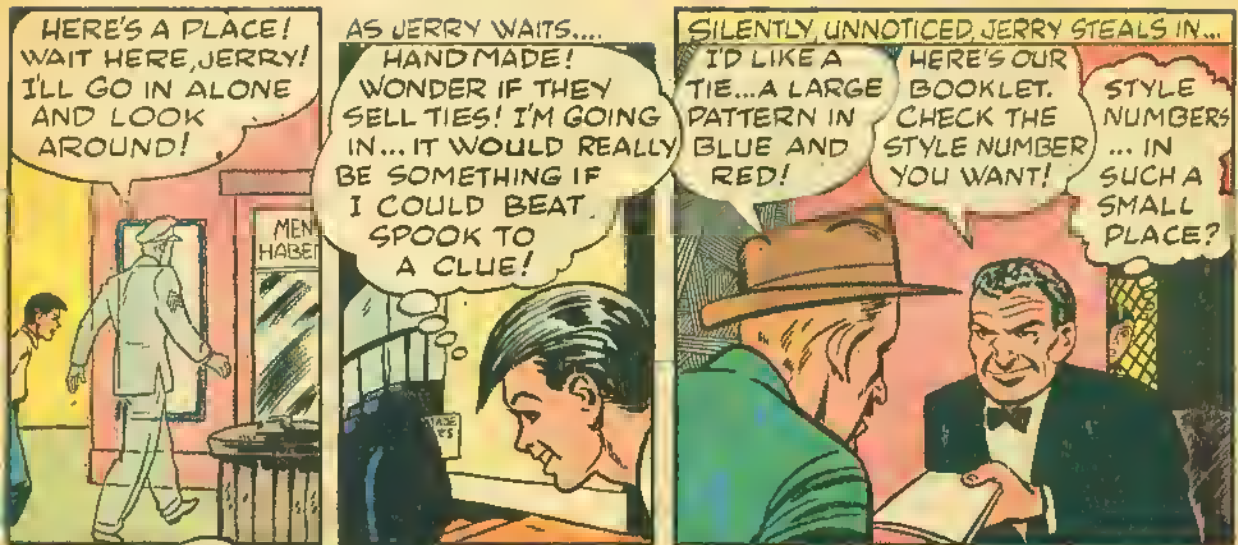
WHEN SPOOK TELLS WHAT HAPPENED...

...AND THE THUG  
SAID HE WANTED TO  
SPEAK ABOUT THE TIE?  
THEN THE TIE MUST BE  
THE IMPORTANT ANGLE!  
HE MUST'VE STUMBLED  
ONTO SOMETHING  
BIG WHERE HE  
BOUGHT IT!

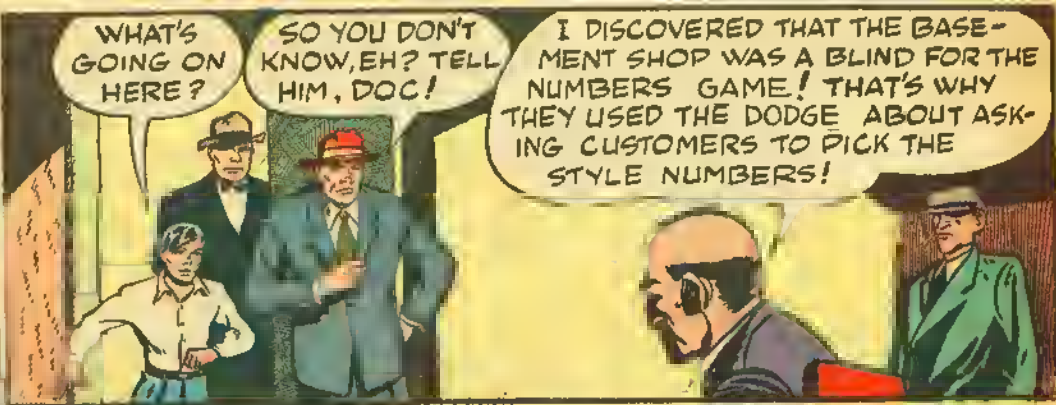
IF ONLY WE CAN  
FIND OUT WHERE!  
HE SAID SOME  
PLACE IN THE  
NEIGHBORHOOD.







**I**N A SHACK HIDEOUT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, JERRY JOINING THE IMPRISONED DR. TRACT!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

SO YOU DON'T KNOW, EH? TELL HIM, DOC!

I DISCOVERED THAT THE BASEMENT SHOP WAS A BLIND FOR THE NUMBERS GAME! THAT'S WHY THEY USED THE DODGE ABOUT ASKING CUSTOMERS TO PICK THE STYLE NUMBERS!

YEAH! AND WE'RE GOIN' ON WITH THE NUMBERS RACKET... MINUS YOU TWO!

...MAYBE... IT'S WORTH A TRY...

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! DOC'S NURSE KNOWS I WENT TO YOUR SHOP... IF I'M NOT BACK IN ANOTHER FIFTEEN MINUTES, SHE'LL GET THE POLICE!



SHE WON'T GET THE CHANCE, CHUM! WE'LL PICK HER UP RIGHT NOW! ... FINGERS, YOU STAY HERE AND TAKE CARE OF THINGS!

LEAVE IT TO ME!



MEANWHILE, SPOOK WAITS ... AND WAITS ...!

WHERE DID JERRY WANDER TO? HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM! TWO MORE MINUTES, AND I'LL START HUNTING FOR HIM!



SUDDENLY...! NO SIGN OF A NURSE! THAT KID PULLED A FAST ONE! LET'S GET BACK!

THAT'S THE MUG WHO CAME INTO TRACT'S OFFICE... AND THAT'S THE CAR! THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY!





**Q**UICKLY, SPOOK  
HOPS ON THE  
CAR, AND...



WHEN THE CAR GETS  
TO THE SHACK -----

I SET THE TIME  
BOMB! I SET THE  
TIME BOMB! IT'LL  
GO OFF IN A  
MINUTE!



**A**  
BREATH-  
TAKING  
DASH,  
AND...

SPOOK! IT  
WORKED! I WAS  
HOPING YOU'D...

THERE'S NO TIME TO  
LOSE! GET OUT FAST!  
A TIME BOMB IS  
SET IN HERE!



SAY!  
W-WHO'S  
UNTYING  
ME?

TELL  
HIM,  
JERRY!

GET  
GOING!  
A BOMB'S  
GOING TO  
GO OFF!

HURRY!

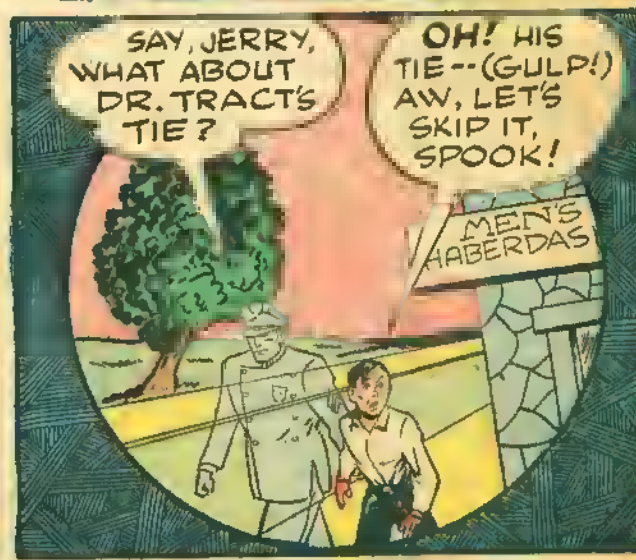
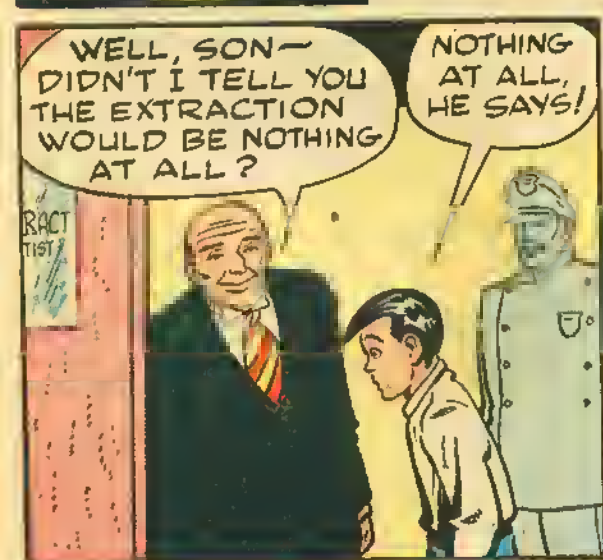
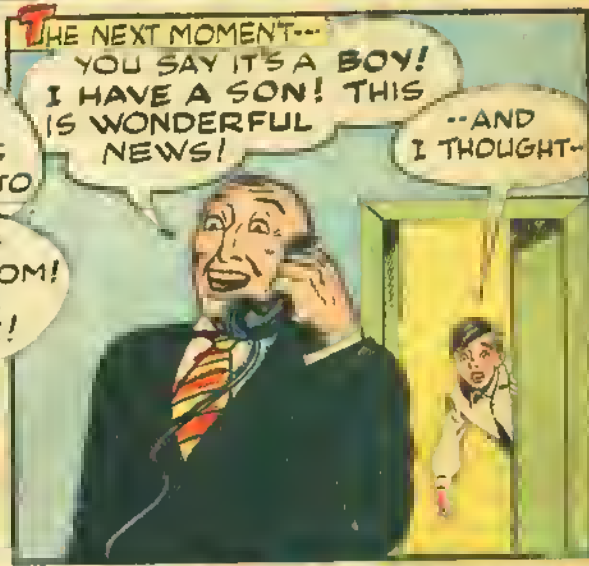
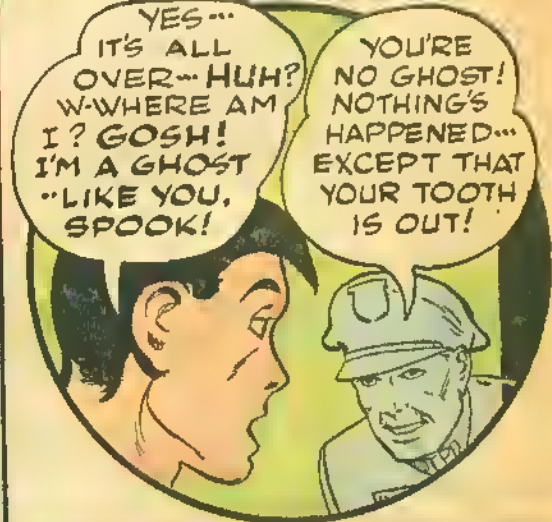
WHAT'S THAT  
SIZZLING  
SOUND?



**A** SPLIT-SECOND LATER...



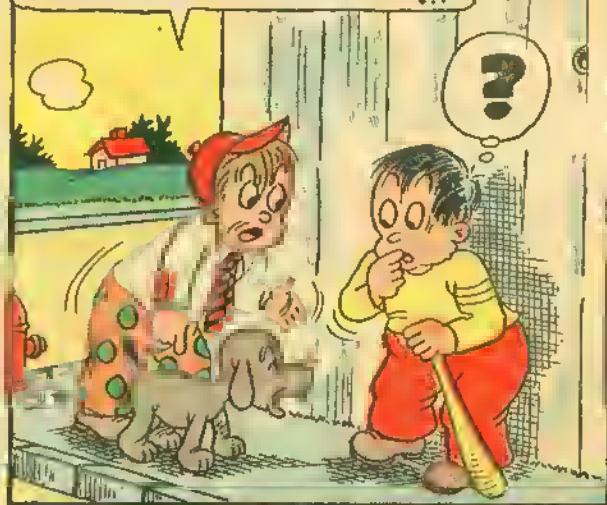
**Q**UESTION No. 7. The atomic bomb was used against what two Japanese cities?







SURE HE'S A GOOD WATCH DOG! IF WE HEAR A NOISE AT NIGHT, ALL WE DO IS WAKE HIM UP 'N HE BARKS !!!



WOT'S TH' BEST BUTTER IN TH' WORLD, HUH??

MY UNCLE'S GOAT !!!

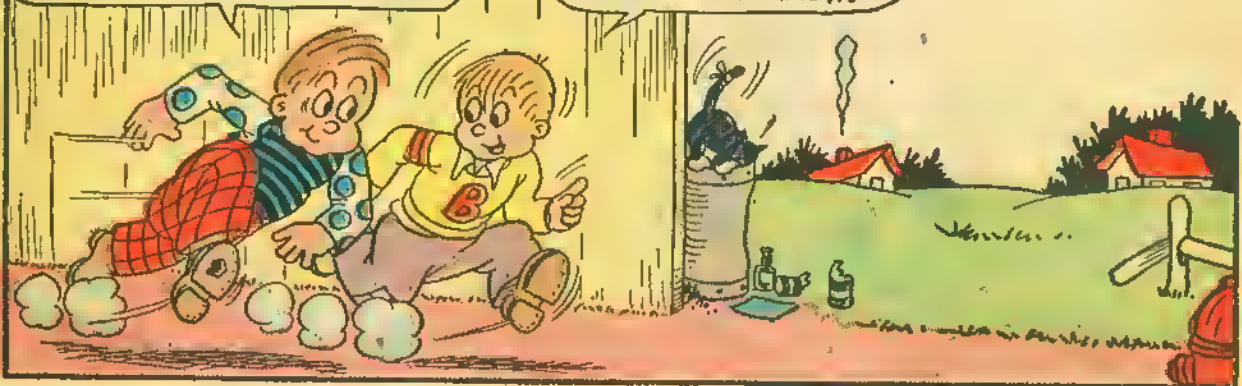
© MIT BAMMER

ER-A PERMANENT WAVE !!!

WOT'S AN ICEBERG?

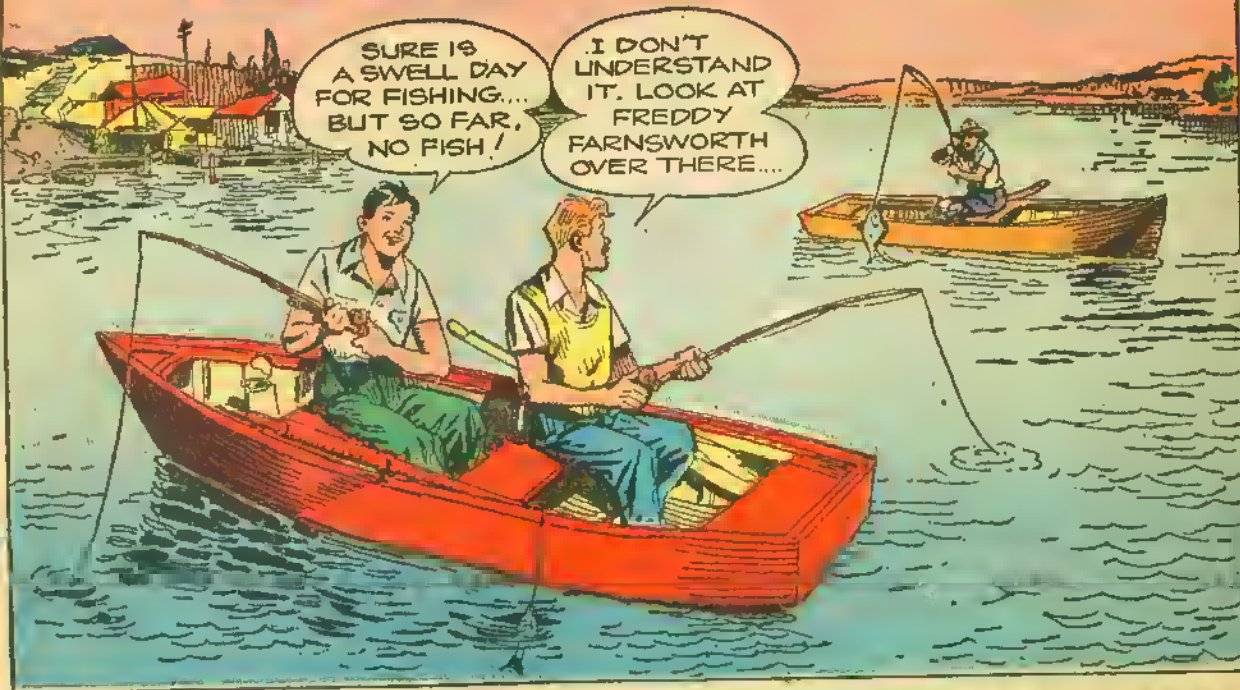
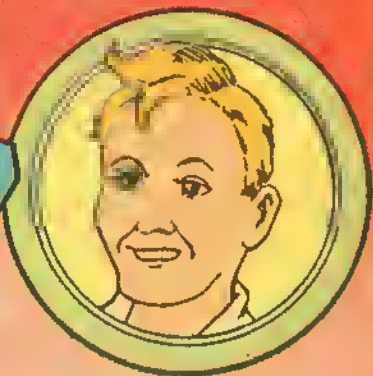
HOW DID YOU FIND TH' WEATHER ON YER VACATION??

OH, I WENT OUTSIDE - 'N THERE IT WAS !!!



BLUE BOLT

# Edison Bell



SURE IS  
A SWELL DAY  
FOR FISHING...  
BUT SO FAR,  
NO FISH!

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
IT. LOOK AT  
FREDDY  
FARNSWORTH  
OVER THERE....



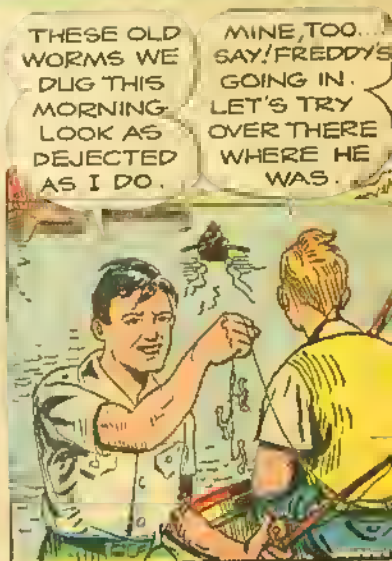
HE MUST  
HAVE CAUGHT  
A DOZEN  
BY NOW.  
WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH US,  
JERRY?

DARNED  
IF I KNOW.  
LET'S TAKE  
A LOOK  
AT OUR  
LINES.



OH, WELL...  
FISHERMAN'S  
LUCK.  
YOU CAN  
NEVER  
TELL.

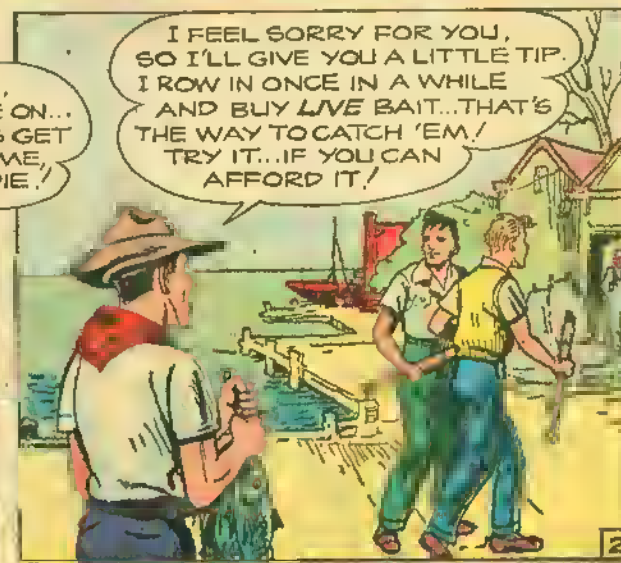
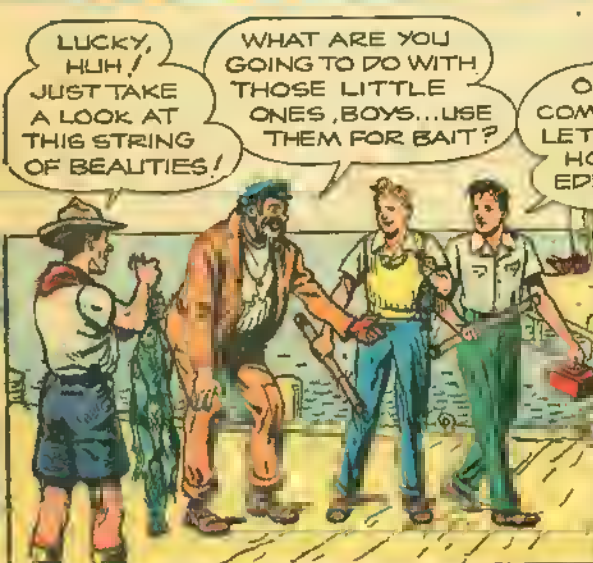
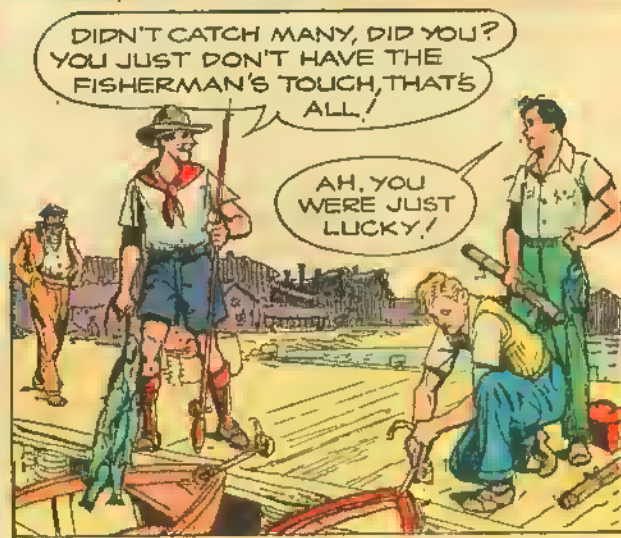
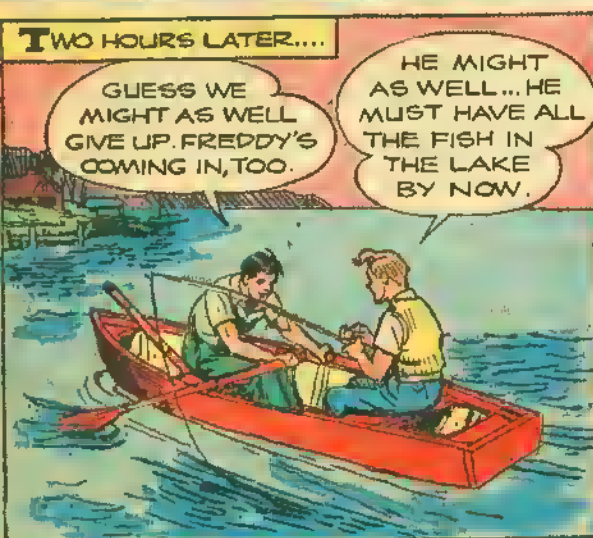
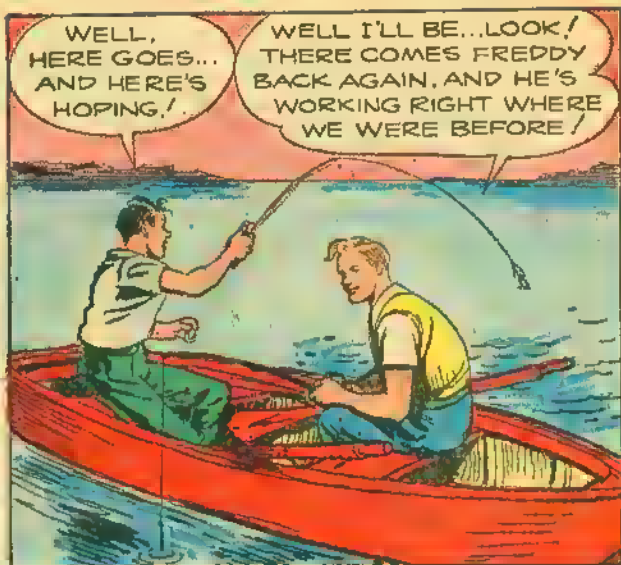
THIS LOOKS  
LIKE MORE  
THAN LUCK  
TO ME.  
AFTER ALL,  
WE'RE IN  
THE SAME  
LAKE!



THESE OLD  
WORMS WE  
DUG THIS  
MORNING  
LOOK AS  
DEJECTED  
AS I DO.

MINE, TOO...  
SAY! FREDDY'S  
GOING IN.  
LET'S TRY  
OVER THERE  
WHERE HE  
WAS.





THAT SMART-ALECK!  
HE KNOWS WE HAVEN'T  
GOT MUCH MONEY...AND  
HE'S GOT TOO MUCH  
FOR HIS OWN GOOD!  
"IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT,"  
HE SAYS,

NO USE  
GETTING MAD.  
HE'S RIGHT-  
YOU KNOW THAT.  
BUT I CAN'T AFFORD  
TO KEEP BUYING  
LIVE BAIT ON MY  
ALLOWANCE.

NEITHER CAN I,  
BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?  
THOSE WORMS WE DIG UP  
ARE JUST TOO TIRED  
TO WIGGLE AFTER  
A FEW HOURS.

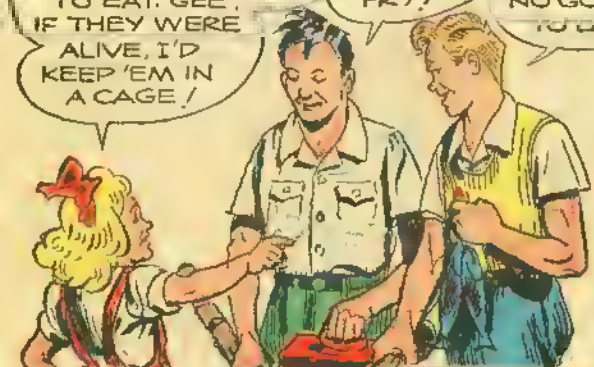
I KNOW.  
SAY, HERE  
COMES  
YOUR  
LITTLE  
COUSIN.



HELLO, JERRY.  
GOSH, WHAT CLITE  
LITTLE FISH!  
WOULD YOU GIVE  
'EM TO ME?  
THEY'RE TOO SMALL  
TO EAT. GEE,  
IF THEY WERE  
ALIVE, I'D  
KEEP 'EM IN  
A CAGE!

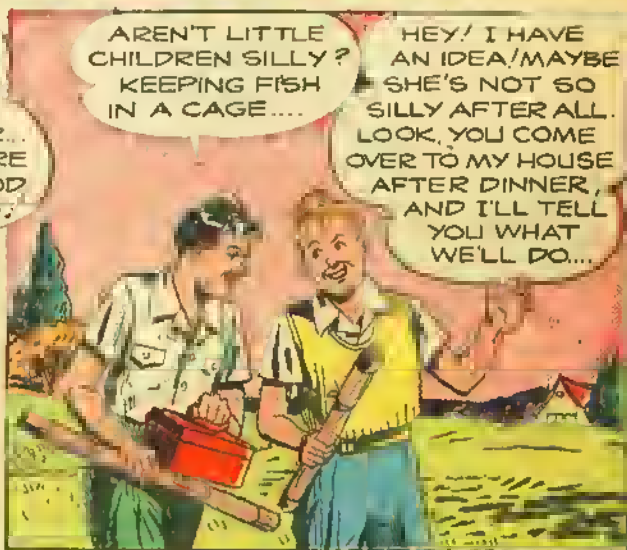
YOU DON'T  
KEEP FISH  
IN A CAGE,  
SMALL  
FRY!

OH,  
LET'S  
GIVE  
THEM  
TO HER...  
THEY'RE  
NO GOOD  
TO US!



AREN'T LITTLE  
CHILDREN SILLY?  
KEEPING FISH  
IN A CAGE....

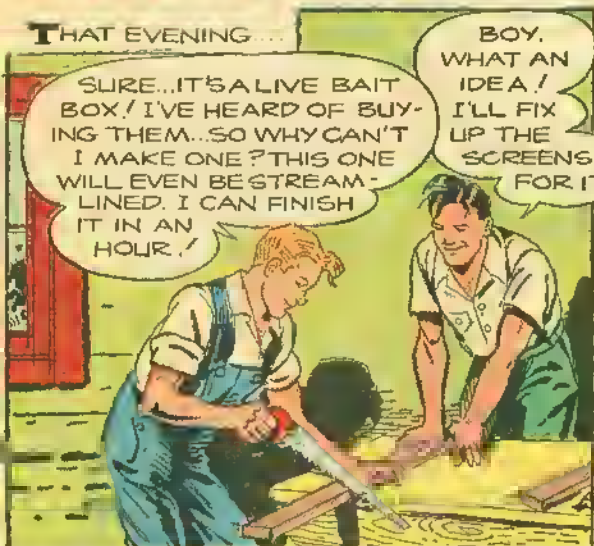
HEY! I HAVE  
AN IDEA/MAYBE  
SHE'S NOT SO  
SILLY AFTER ALL.  
LOOK, YOU COME  
OVER TO MY HOUSE  
AFTER DINNER,  
AND I'LL TELL  
YOU WHAT  
WE'LL DO...



THAT EVENING...

SURE...IT'S A LIVE BAIT  
BOX! I'VE HEARD OF BUY-  
ING THEM...SO WHY CAN'T  
I MAKE ONE? THIS ONE  
WILL EVEN BE STREAM-  
LINED. I CAN FINISH  
IT IN AN HOUR!

BOY,  
WHAT AN  
IDEA!  
I'LL FIX  
UP THE  
SCREENS  
FOR IT.



ALMOST FINISHED...  
BUT I JUST THOUGHT  
OF SOMETHING.  
WHERE DO WE GET THE  
LIVE BAIT  
TO PUT  
IN IT?

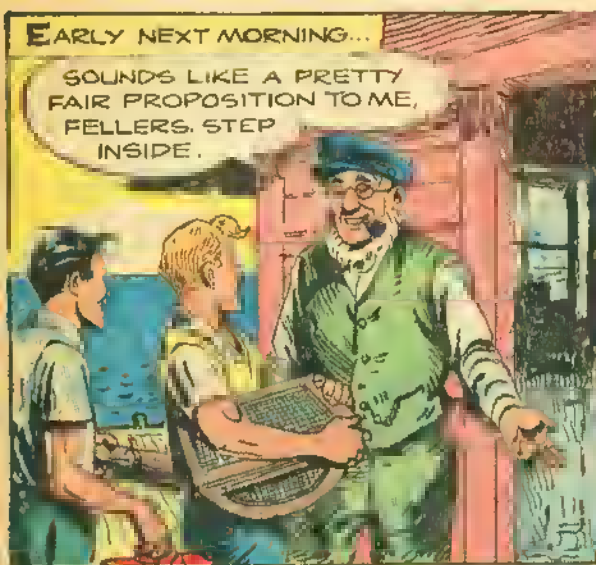
I'LL BET OLD  
MAN JONES AT  
THE BAIT SHOP  
WOULD GIVE US  
SOME, IF  
WE SHARED  
OUR CATCH  
WITH HIM.





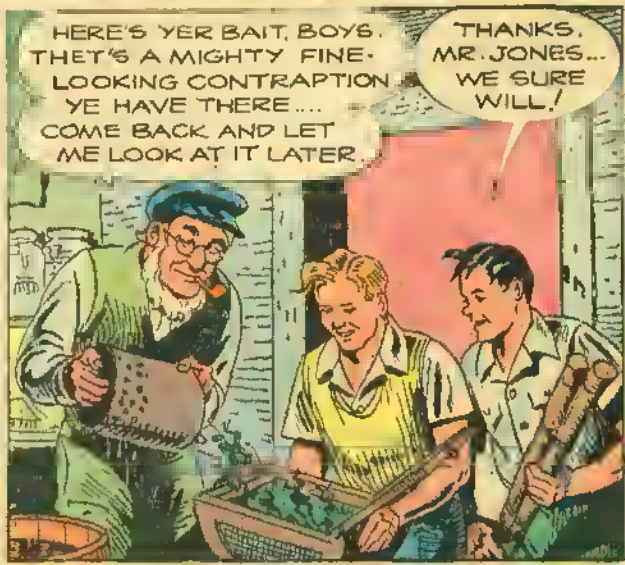
EARLY NEXT MORNING...

SOUNDS LIKE A PRETTY FAIR PROPOSITION TO ME, FELLERS. STEP INSIDE.



HERE'S YER BAIT, BOYS. THET'S A MIGHTY FINE-LOOKING CONTRAPTION YE HAVE THERE.... COME BACK AND LET ME LOOK AT IT LATER.

THANKS, MR. JONES... WE SURE WILL!

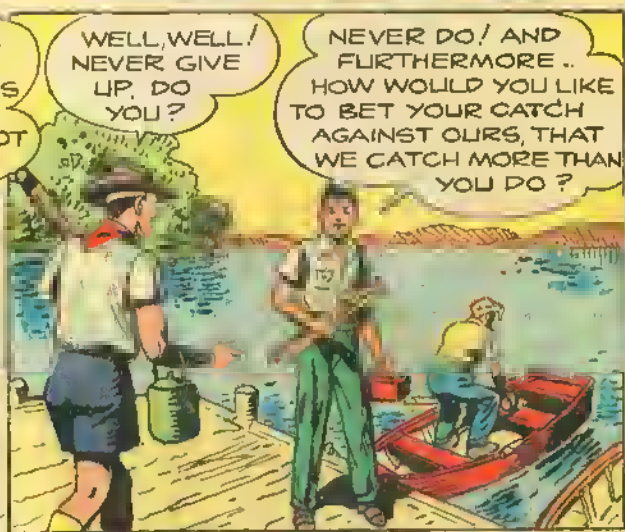
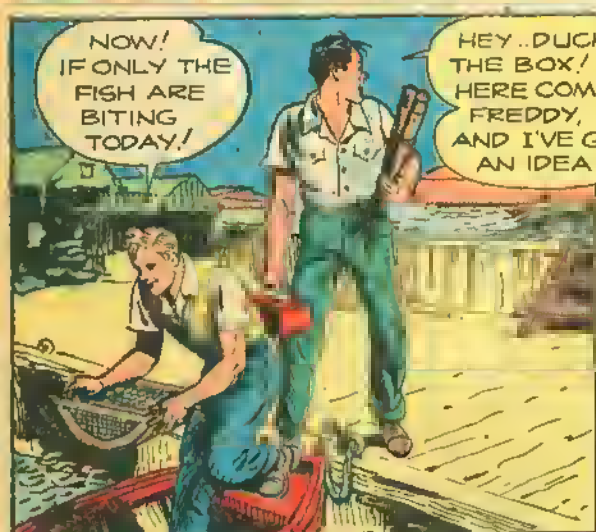


NOW! IF ONLY THE FISH ARE BITING TODAY!

HEY..DUCK THE BOX! HERE COMES FREDDY, AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WELL, WELL! NEVER GIVE UP, DO YOU?

NEVER DO! AND FURTHERMORE.. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BET YOUR CATCH AGAINST OURS, THAT WE CATCH MORE THAN YOU DO?



YOU'RE ON! EVEN THOUGH ALL I'LL WIN WILL BE A COUPLE OF SARDINES!

DON'T BE TOO SURE, CHUM! WAIT TILL WE COUNT THEM!

HERE WE GO...THIS SHOULD BE GREAT FUN!

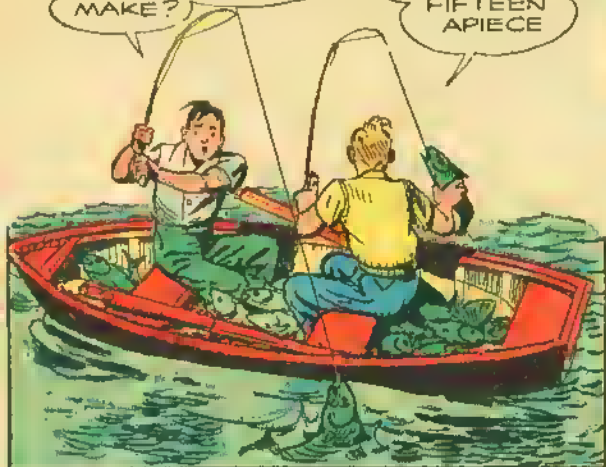
LET'S KEEP THAT BOX OUT OF FREDDY'S SIGHT... HE'S JUST THE ONE TO CALL OFF THE BET!



QUESTION No. 9. In what sport are bets made to win, to place or to show?

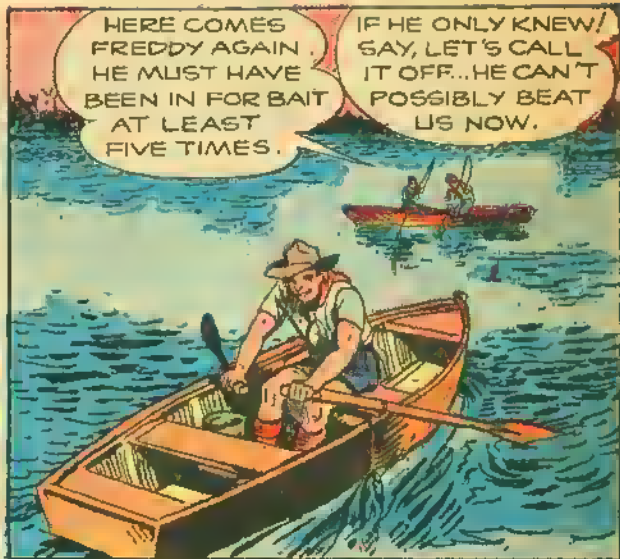
PHEW! HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE! HOW MANY DOES THAT MAKE?

WITH THIS ONE I'VE GOT. IT'S ABOUT FIFTEEN APIECE



HERE COMES FREDDY AGAIN. HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN FOR BAIT AT LEAST FIVE TIMES.

IF HE ONLY KNEW! SAY, LET'S CALL IT OFF...HE CAN'T POSSIBLY BEAT US NOW.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

HAND 'EM OVER, FREDDY OLD BOY! NO USE COUNTING—YOU CAN SEE WE'VE WON!

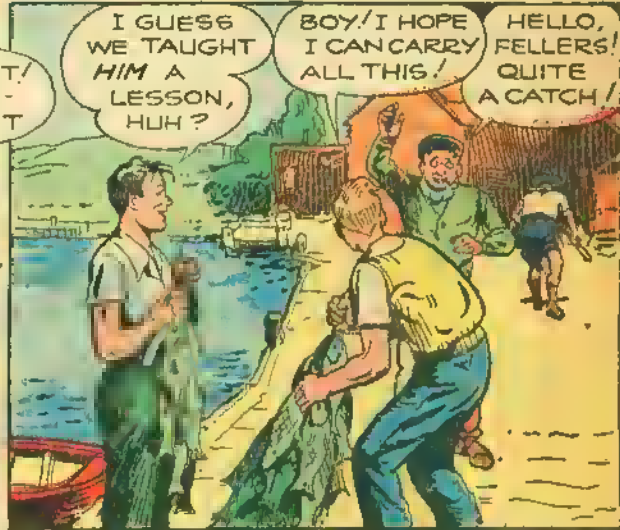
ALL RIGHT...ALL RIGHT! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS!



I GUESS WE TAUGHT HIM A LESSON, HUH?

BOY! I HOPE I CAN CARRY ALL THIS!

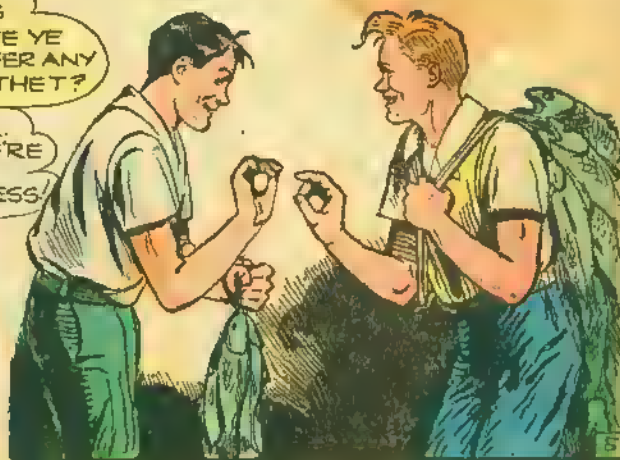
HELLO, FELLERS! QUITE A CATCH!



SURE IS, MR JONES! WE'LL GIVE YOU YOUR SHARE.

NEVER MIND, BOYS...YOU KEEP 'EM. BUT THAT'S A MIGHTY SLICK BOX YOU'VE GOT..LOTS OF MY CUSTOMERS WOULD LIKE 'EM. I'LL GIVE YE THREE DOLLARS APIECE FER ANY YE MAKE FER ME. HOW'S THET?

SWELL, MR. JONES! WE'RE IN BUSINESS!



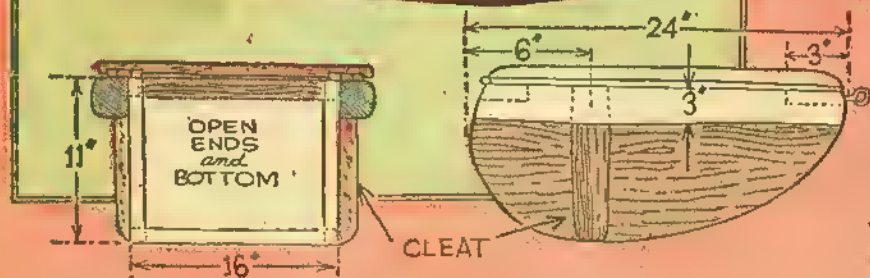
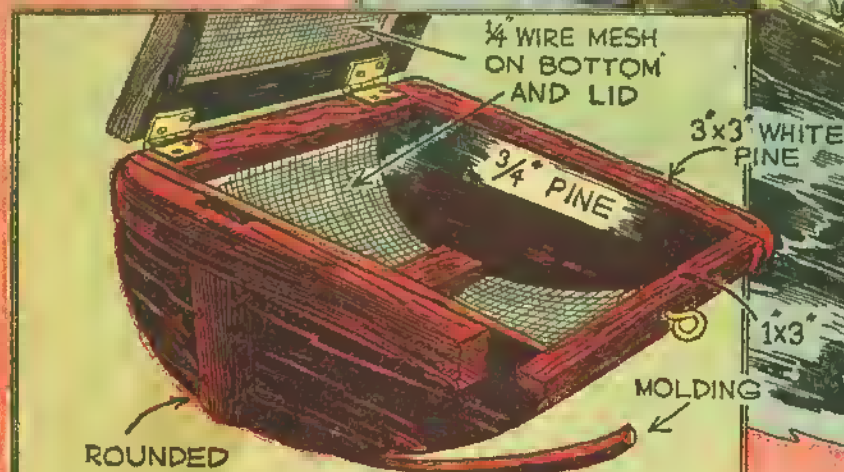


# STREAMLINED

## BAIT BOX

IS EASY TO  
MAKE....

WHITE PINE IS BEST FOR THE SIDES and FRAME, BECAUSE OF ITS BUOYANCY and STRENGTH. IF THE FLOATS ARE BIG ENOUGH (3"x3"), THEY WILL SUPPORT THEM COLD.... ALL THE SCREEN WIRE SHOULD BE COVERED WITH MOLDING ALONG THE EDGES, TO KEEP IT FROM CATCHING IN WEEDS, CLOTHES, ETC....



NOTE THAT THE BOX IS LARGE ENOUGH TO KEEP YOUR CATCH ALIVE....

PAIN THE BOX ANYTHING BUT WHITE OR LIGHT COLORS, BECAUSE THE GLARE OF REFLECTED LIGHT IS HARMFUL TO MINNOWS....

# THE GIANT OF MYOPAC

by Dean Shaw

**"STROKE... stroke... stroke..."**

Swiftly the three shells sped past the Myopac Camp site with No. 2 well in the lead. Peter, from his position on the bank of Lake Masookic knew that Jerry Lester would be in Shell No. 2. Jerry was always with the winning side. Peter thought again how nice it would be to change places with Jerry.

Oh, not that he minded being on the side lines too much. He could stand that well enough. The braces on his legs would never permit him to enter into the competitive games. What hurt was that the fellows just didn't accept him.

He wasn't one of them. They didn't slap him on the back and say: "How' ya Pete, old boy. Coming down for a swim?"

Aw, what was the use, he didn't swim anyway. He'd make a fool of himself if he tried. He should be glad that the kids didn't take too much notice of him, or they might call him Clubfoot, like they did around home.

Peter threw a small pebble into the lake and watched the ripples expend themselves. It was a mistake, his coming here to Camp Myopac. Once, after he had

gone off and cried a little, he had written a letter to his mother, asking her to take him home. But later he had torn it up.

She had worked so hard to let him spend these two weeks in Maine that he couldn't hurt her like that. So he wrote another letter telling her of the fine time he was having.

There was a rustle of footsteps in the dry leaves behind him.

"Hello, Peter," a gruff kindly voice said.

It was Father Finley.

"Hello," said Peter.

"I thought I'd find you here," Father Finley said, sitting down. "You've been coming here often these last few days, haven't you?"

Peter nodded.

"I've been watching you of late," Father Finley said kindly. "You aren't happy here, are you?"

"Oh, I am," Peter hastened to say. "It's just that... that..."

"I know," said Father Finley. "You would give a great deal to be out there with Jerry and the other boys, wouldn't you?"

Peter nodded and tried to swallow the big lumpy feeling that came in his throat.

"We must not become discouraged, Peter," the Father went on. "I knew a great man once, who spent most of his life in a wheel chair but he never let it come between him and what he wanted to do. I think that you knew him too, Peter, for he became President of the United States."

The good Father rose to his feet.

"We're having a little meeting around the camp fire tonight. I want you to come, Peter. Now, come boy, we must hurry and get cleaned up for supper."

It was pleasant around the campfire that night. The Maine air was cool and a bright moon hung over the mountain. Somewhere off on the lake, a loon called sadly for its mate and in the forest a whippoorwill sent echoes down across the gorge with his strange calling.

The fellows were toasting spuds and marshmallows and a nice, clean smell was coming from the hemlock logs. They were all laughing and joking. But when Father Finley held up his big hand for silence, they all became very quiet.

Everyone liked Father Finley very much. A big smile shone on his face.



"Does anyone know what day tomorrow is?"

Everyone looked at each other curiously. Finally someone raised a hand and said: "Thursday."

"Yes, yes," Father Finley laughed gayly. "It's Thursday, all right, but it's more than that. Tomorrow is Giant Day. You all know the story of the Giant of Myopac. You have all seen his footprints imbedded in the stone bottom of the gorge. Well, once a year this giant comes forth from his place in the gorge and takes a walk for himself."

A chorus of oh's and ah's arose above the crackling of the camp fire. The good Father held up his hand for attention.

"Now, don't ask me how I know this," he said, smiling. "It is enough that I know it. Tomorrow you will see his tracks where he came out of the gorge and again you will see them where he returned to his place for another year. And I want to tell you that it will take a mighty clever woodsman to track him down. That will be your job. Now, that's all I'll tell you."

That night there was a great stir as the fellows made ready for bed. Outside, the bugler sounded taps but even after lights were out, the voices continued.

"I don't believe it," said one.

"There are Giant footsteps in the gorge," said another.

"Well, if there is a Giant," said another voice, "I'll bet Jerry is the one who tracks

him down."

"Yes, it would be Jerry," thought Peter before he fell asleep.

It rained during the night but the next morning dawned bright and cool. After mess everyone assembled outside the Recreation Hall.

"Well," said Father Finley, slyly, "if all you would-be woodsmen are ready, let's be off and see if our friend paid us a visit."

And sure enough, just outside of the gorge they came upon a set of big footprints measuring nearly three feet long. Everyone gasped.

"All right," laughed Father Finley, "I'll give you fellows just two hours to track down these prints and then report your findings back to me at the Recreation Hall."

The fellows went off howling joyously like a pack of hounds to the chase, and Peter found himself alone again. He followed the tracks slowly and after a while he sat down to rest. And here where the tracks went through the soft mud, he noticed a curious thing.

It gave him an idea and instead of going in the direction of the other fellows he back-tracked.

Two hours later in the Rec Hall the fellows were a happy but tired lot. They had scrambled in and out of the gorge following the big prints but no one had found the answer.

"Well," asked Father Finley, "what's the report."

"We followed them into the gorge and lost them on

the hard ground," said Jerry. "We can't figure it out."

"Does anyone know the answer?" asked the good Father.

Peter held up his hand and everyone looked at him in amazement. None had noticed him before.

"You are the Giant, Father!" he said.

"Yes," Father Finley's eyes sparkled. "I'm the Giant. But tell us, Peter, how did you find out?"

"Well, you made one mistake, Father. When the footsteps went through the soft mud they didn't sink at all. A heavy Giant would have made deep imprints. So, I back-tracked and I found these, where you hid them, behind the Rec Hall."

And Peter held up a set of boards which were roughly shaped to make huge footprints.

"Good work, Peter," said Father Finley. "And let's have them back. We'll have to put the Giant of Myopac back to sleep for another year."

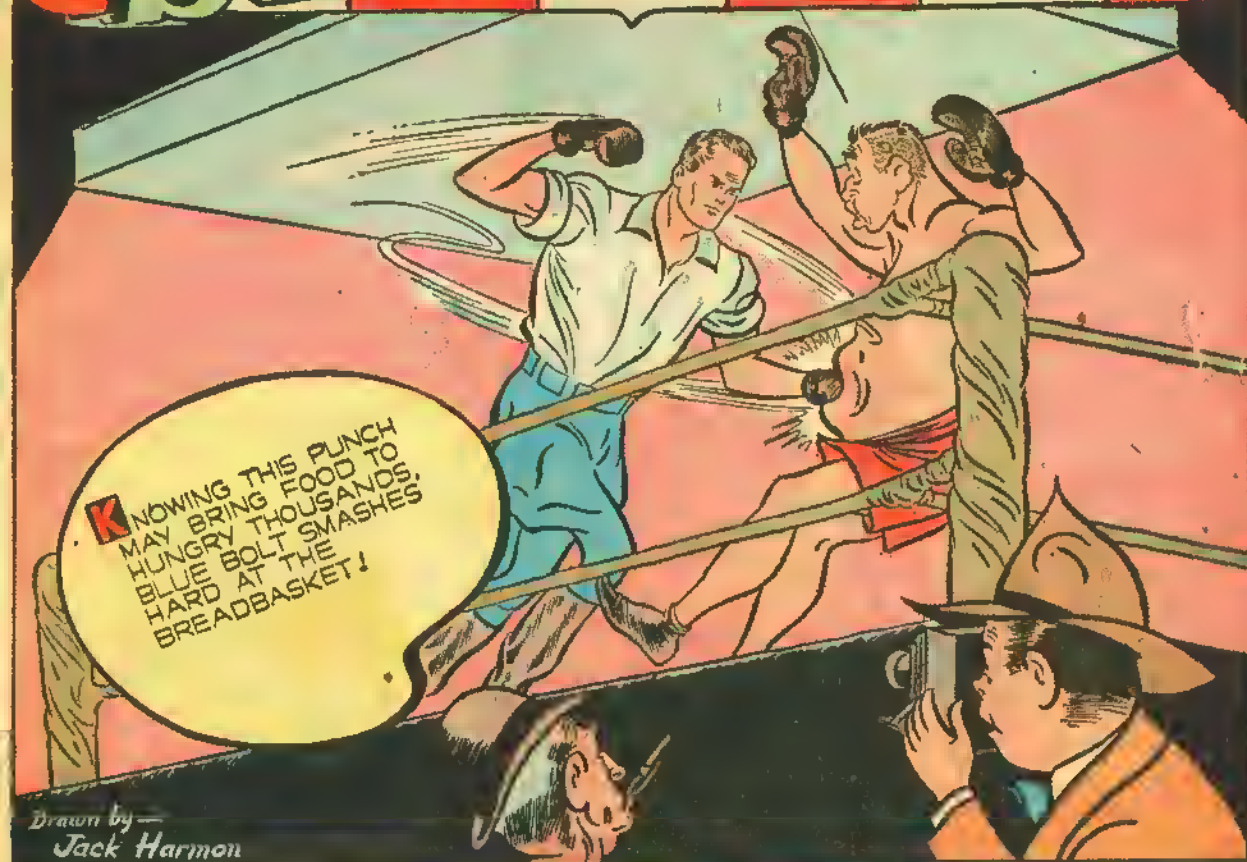
That night in the shower room, Jerry came over to where Peter was washing and said: "Hi, Pete. Say, that was nice going today. Hey, Pete, I wonder if you'd help me with a couple of letters I have to write tonight. Hear you're a pretty good hand with a pen."

"Coming over to the Rec Hall after mess, Pete. someone else asked."

And down inside, Peter felt good, for at last he knew that he was one of them. The fellows had accepted him.

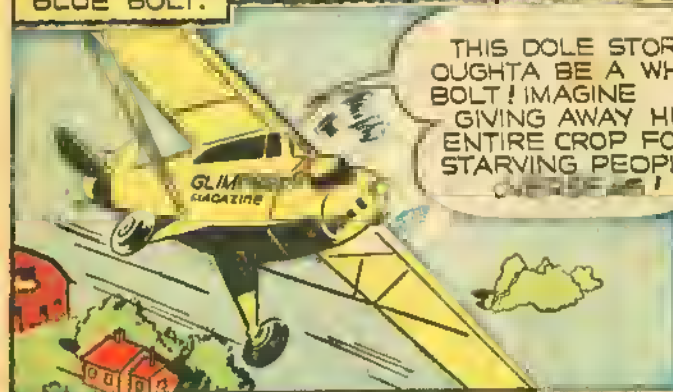
# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



Drawn by—  
Jack Harmon

IN THE GLIMPSES PLANE, LANDING AT THE MIDWEST FARM OF SILAS DOLE, ARE PHOTOGRAPHER SNAP DOODLE AND PILOT BLUE BOLT.



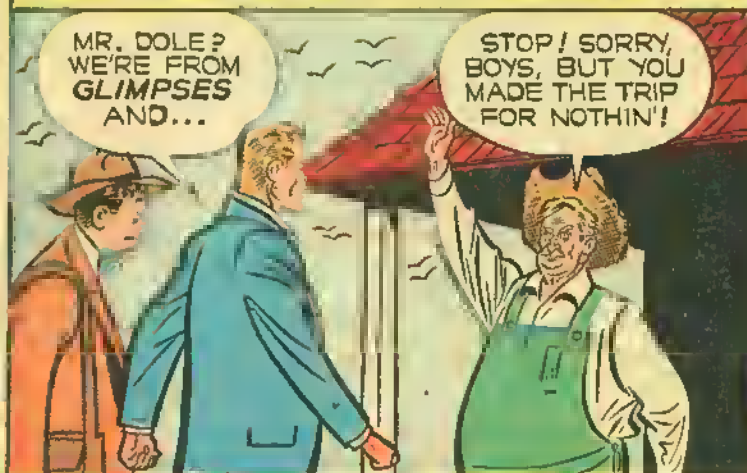
THIS DOLE STORY OUGHTA BE A WHIZ, BOLT! IMAGINE GIVING AWAY HIS ENTIRE CROP FOR STARVING PEOPLE OVERSEAS!



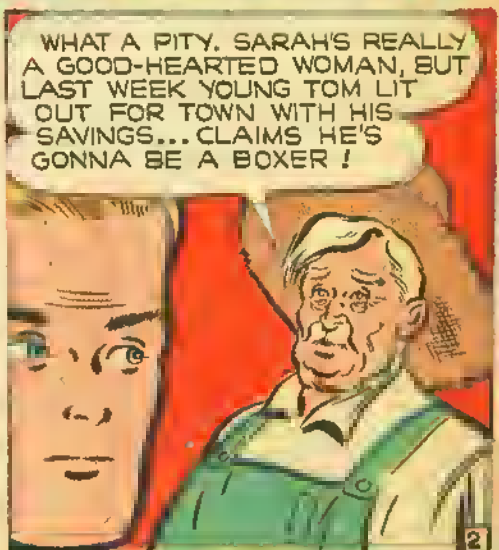
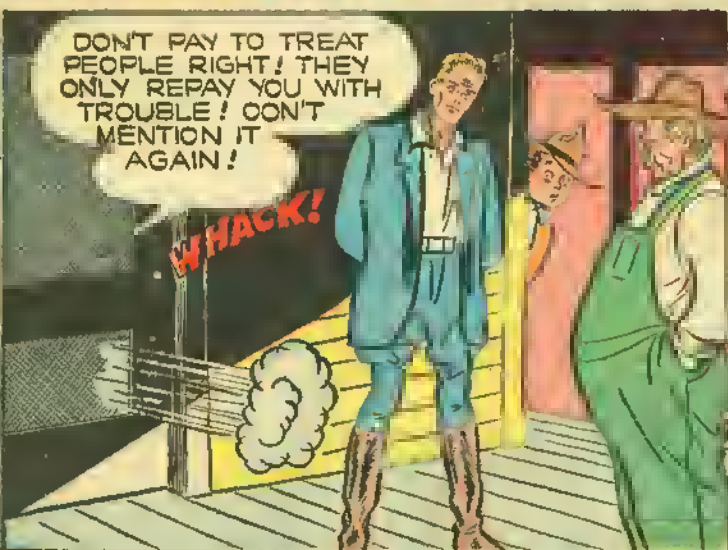
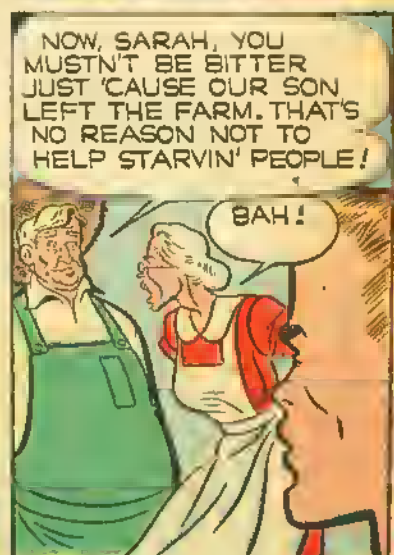
BLUE BOLT



**H**OWEVER, DOLE IS NOT ANXIOUS FOR PUBLICITY FROM **GLIMPSES**, THE PICTURE MAGAZINE.



IT'S PLUMB EMBARRASSIN'!  
BUT I GOTTA BACK DOWN ON  
MY PROMISE. I'M A FOOL FOR  
SPEAKIN' SO SOON WITHOUT  
CONSULTIN' MY WIFE.



SARAH'S SO  
UPSET ABOUT IT,  
SHE'S TURNED  
MEAN!

HMM... A HAPPY HOME  
HAS BEEN WRECKED...  
AS WELL AS OUR STORY!  
I'VE GOT TO PATCH 'EM  
BOTH UP!

MR. DOLE,  
I'M GOING TO  
TOWN TO SEE  
YOUR SON!

GO AHEAD, BUT  
TALKIN' WON'T HELP.  
TOM'S A MULE ONCE  
HE MAKES UP  
HIS MIND.



SOON, IN TOWN...

WONDER WHY  
THEY SET UP  
SUCH A JOINT  
IN THIS HICK  
TOWN?

SLICK O'TOOLE'S  
BOXING SCHOOL  
EXPERT  
INSTRUCTION  
"Learn the quick  
way to fortune  
and fame."

ENTER,  
SONNY, AND  
FIND OUT.

INSIDE ...

YOU BOYS HAVE  
GREAT PROSPECTS.  
WITH PUG TEACHIN'  
YA, HOW COULD  
YA MISS... ESPECIALLY  
WHEN YA GOT SO  
MUCH TALENT?

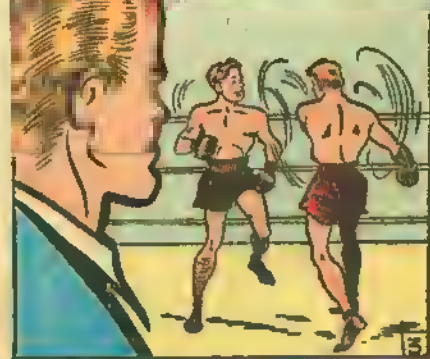
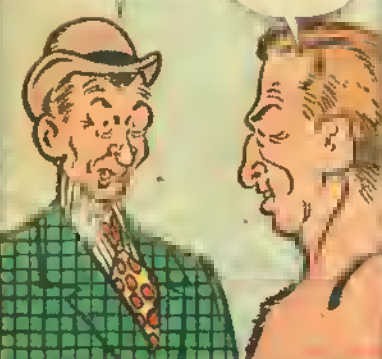


GIVE THE BOYS  
A WORKOUT, PUG.  
THEN SEE ME IN  
MY OFFICE!

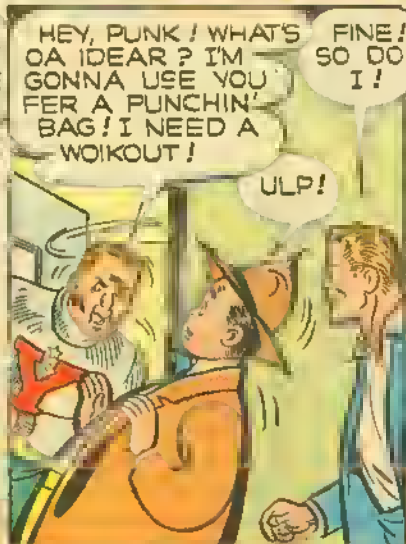
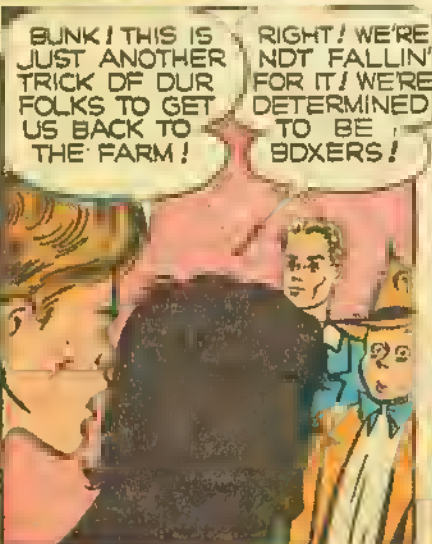
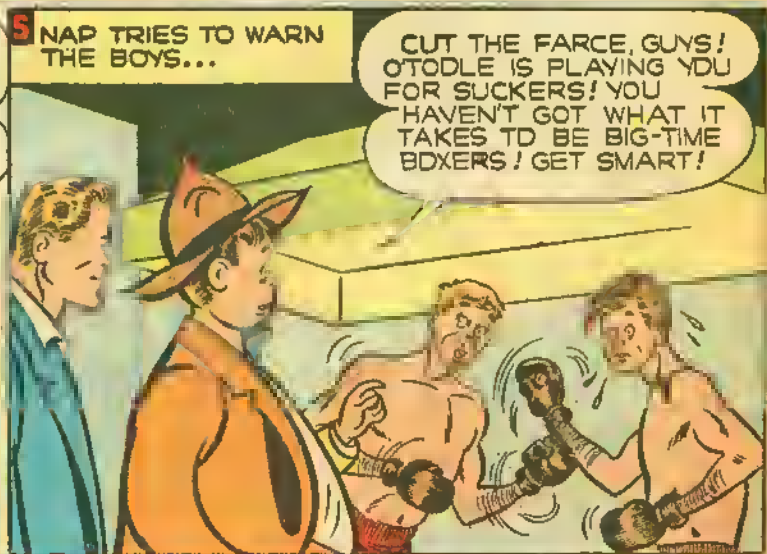
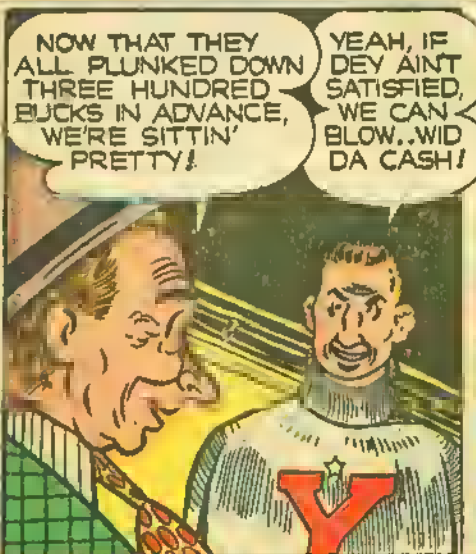
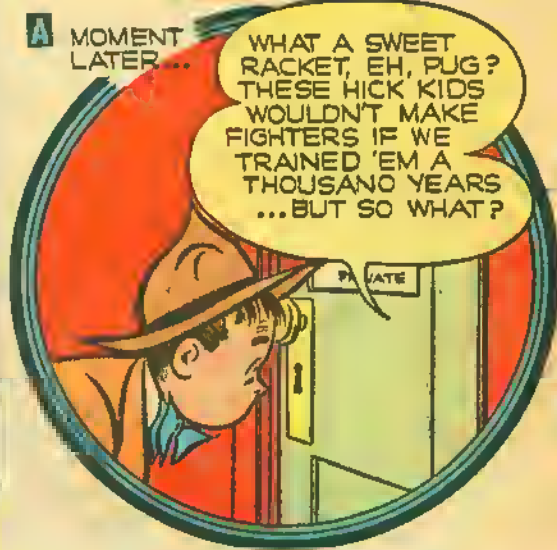
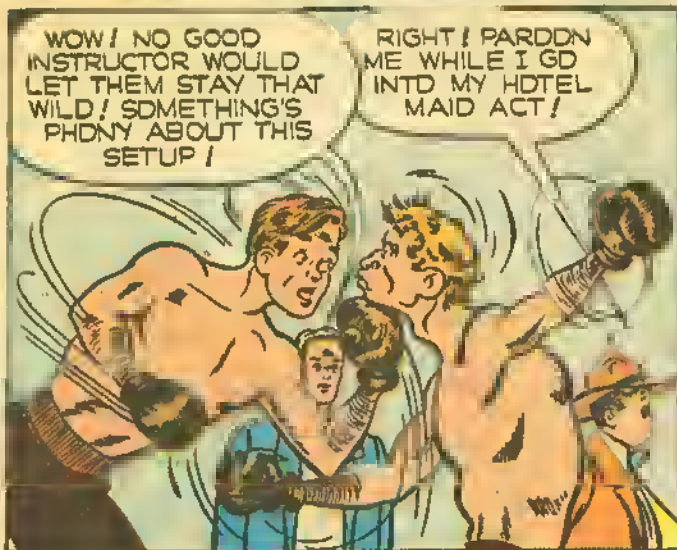
OKAY,  
SLICK!

DOLE, YOUSE IS DA  
BEST MAN OF DA  
BUNCH. TAKE IT EASY  
WID WHITEY HERE.  
KEEP SPARRING  
TILL I COME  
BACK.

THEY MAY BE  
NICE KIDS, BUT  
THEY'RE AWFUL  
CLUMSY!







(HERE'S A GOOD CHANCE  
TO PROVE PUG DOESN'T  
KNOW HIS BUSINESS!)  
TRY THIS FOR SIZE!

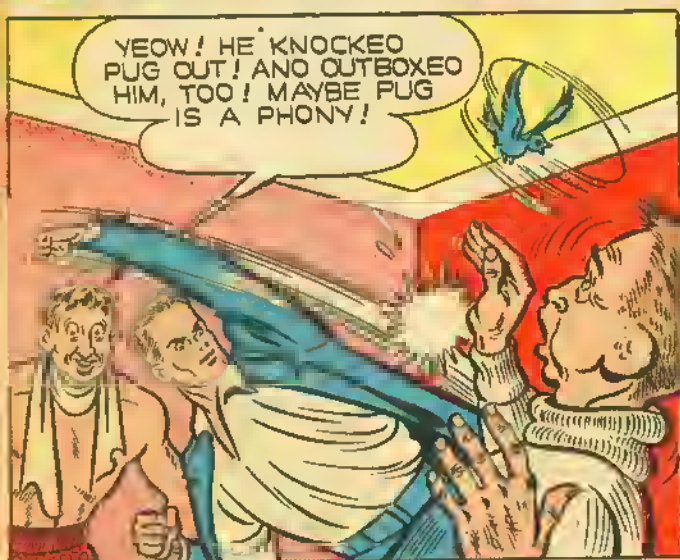


A TARGET  
LIKE THAT, I  
COULDN'T  
MISS!

OOOP!



YEOW! HE KNOCKED  
PUG OUT! AND OUTBOXED  
HIM, TOO! MAYBE PUG  
IS A PHONY!



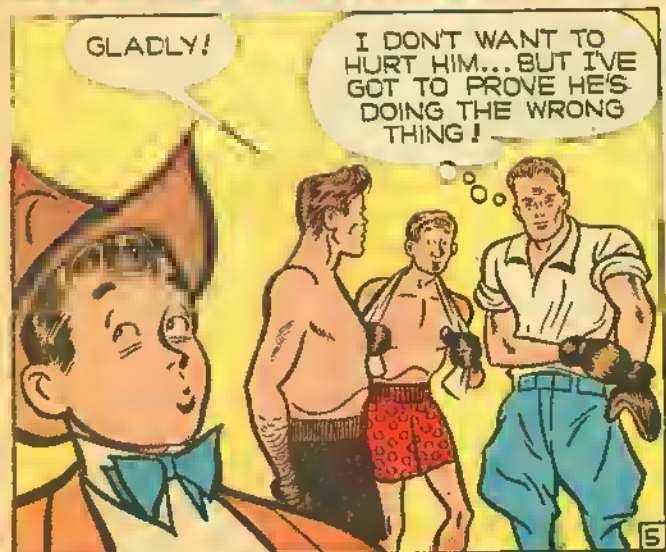
THAT DOESN'T  
PROVE ANYTHING,  
IT WAS LUCK.

YOU ARE  
STUBBORN! BUT  
MAYBE YOU'D  
LIKE TO TEST  
WHAT YOU'VE  
LEARNED AGAINST  
ME?



GLADLY!

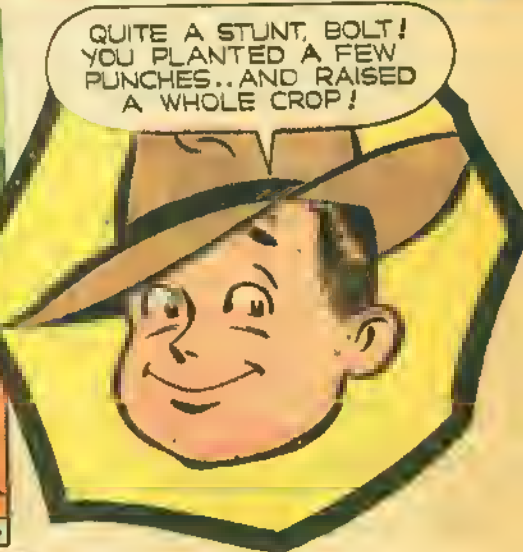
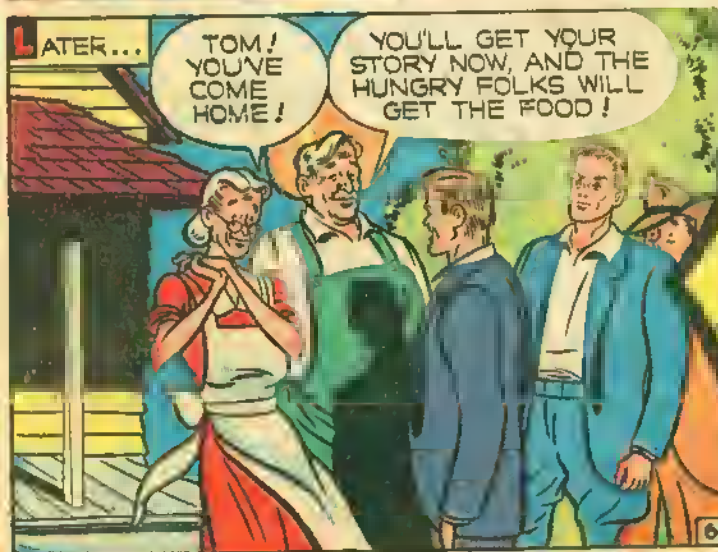
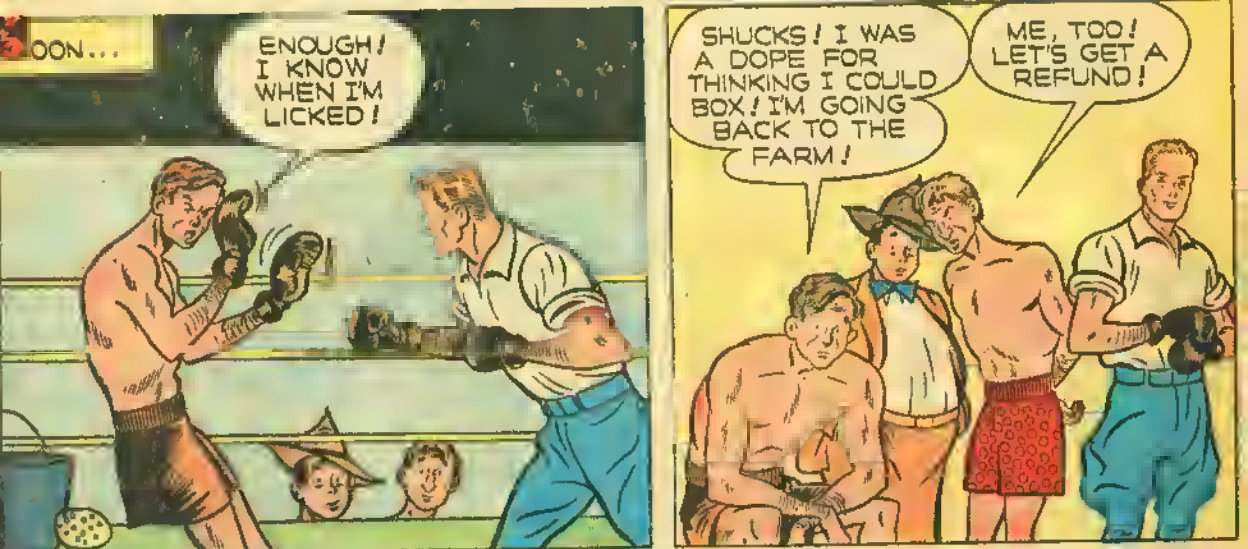
I DON'T WANT TO  
HURT HIM... BUT I'VE  
GOT TO PROVE HE'S  
DOING THE WRONG  
THING!



**B** LUE BOLT LAUNCHES A WHIRL-  
WINDO ATTACK!



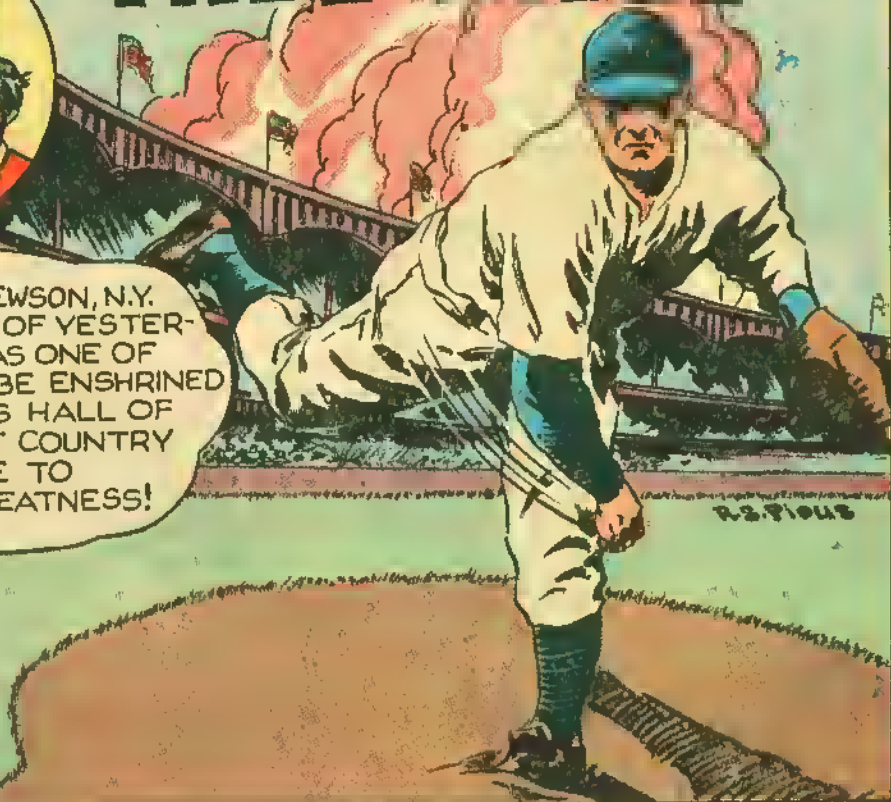




# OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES



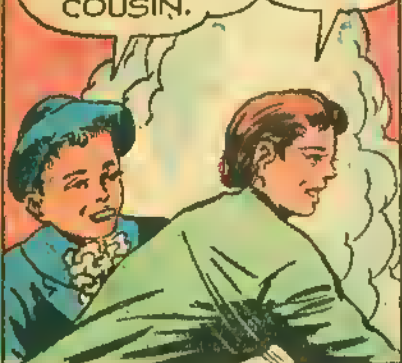
CHRISTY MATHEWSON, N.Y. GIANT PITCHER OF YESTER-YEAR, JOEY, WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO BE ENSHRINED IN BASEBALL'S HALL OF FAME. A QUIET COUNTRY BOY, HE ROSE TO PITCHER'S GREATNESS!



AT THE AGE OF NINE, MATTY WAS LIVING IN FACTORYVILLE, PA.

SHOW ME THOSE TRICKS WITH STONES, COUSIN.

ALL RIGHT, MATTY!



IF YOU THROW A STONE WITH THE FLAT SIDE PARALLEL TO THE GROUND, IT WILL ALWAYS TURN OVER BEFORE IT LANDS.



IF YOU TURN YOUR HAND, AND HOLD THE STONE AT AN ACUTE ANGLE, THE STONE WILL CURVE HORIZONTALLY WHEN IT LOSES ITS SPEED.

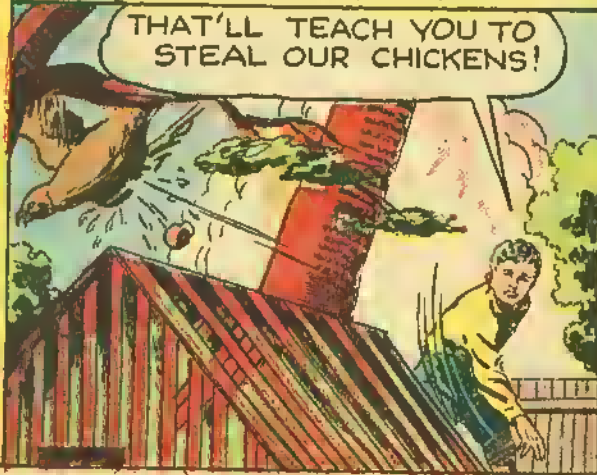


BLUE BOLT



**MATTY BECAME THE BEST STONE THROWER IN FACTORYVILLE.**

THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO STEAL OUR CHICKENS!



BASEBALLS AND STONES ACT THE SAME WAY WHEN I THROW THEM!



**THE BEST KID PITCHER IN TOWN, MATTY BECAME MASCOT OF THE FACTORYVILLE TEAM.**

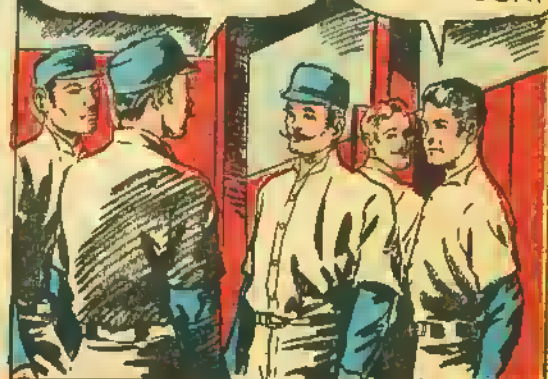
GET IT, MATTY.



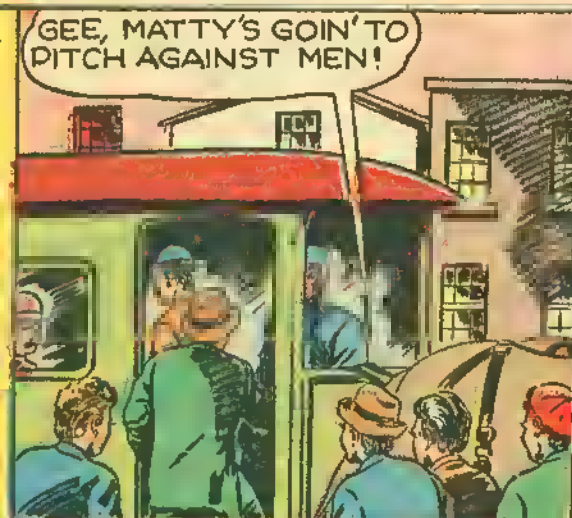
**AT 14, MATTY PITCHED HIS FIRST REAL GAME.**

NEITHER OF OUR 2 PITCHERS IS ABLE TO PLAY TODAY!

HOW ABOUT THAT BOY MATHEWSON?



GEE, MATTY'S GOIN' TO PITCH AGAINST MEN!



**FACTORYVILLE WON, 19-17!**

MATTY HAS BECOME THE REGULAR FACTORYVILLE PITCHER!



**QUESTION No. 12. Was Christy Mathewson called the "Big Six" or the "Big Train"?**

AT 15, MATTY ATTENDED KEYSTONE ACADEMY.



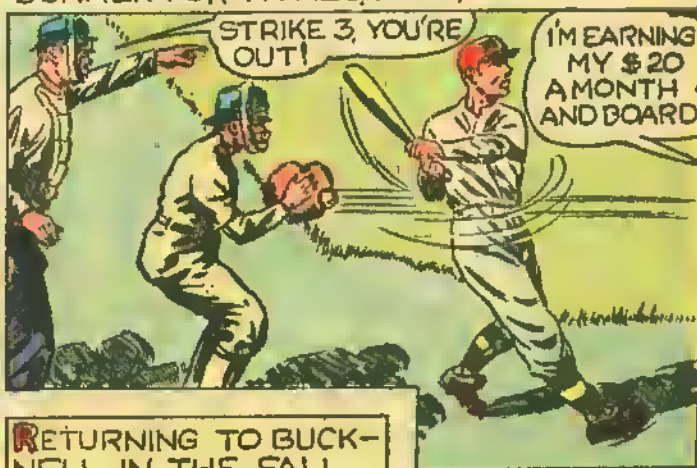
FACTORYVILLE HAS NO TEAM THIS SUMMER. IF YOU PITCH FOR US, WE'LL GIVE YOU A DOLLAR A GAME!



IT'S ONLY A FIVE-MILE HIKE HOME.



AT 17, MATTY PITCHED DURING THE SUMMER FOR HONESDALE, PA.



GRADUATING FROM KEYSTONE IN 1898, MATTY ENROLLED AT BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY.

IF YOU PITCH FOR TRENTON THIS SUMMER, YOU'LL GET \$80 A MONTH.

ALL RIGHT! GOSH! I'M GLAD COLLEGES ALLOW US TO PLAY FOR MONEY DURING THE SUMMER!



RETURNING TO BUCKNELL IN THE FALL OF 1899, MATTY CAME WITH THE FOOTBALL TEAM TO PHILA. TO PLAY THE UNIVERSITY OF PENN.

\$80 A MONTH TO PITCH FOR PORTLAND, VA., THIS SUMMER. NOW I'M GOING TO WATCH THE GAME. GOOD LUCK!

THANKS, MR. SMITH!



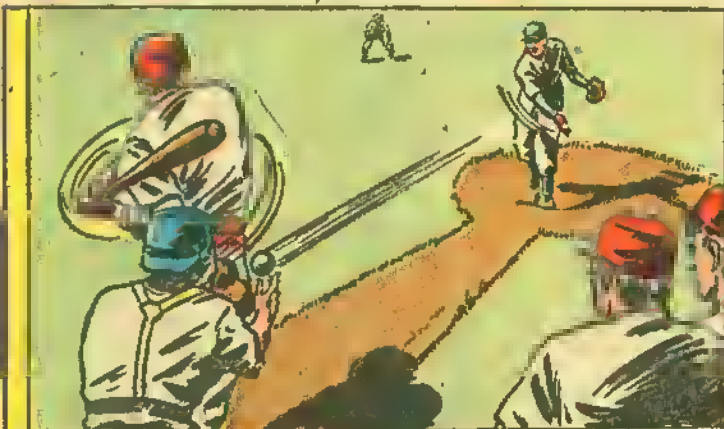
MATTY KICKED TWO FIELD GOALS FOR BUCKNELL. "PHENOM" JOHN SMITH, THE PORTLAND MANAGER, WAS SO ELATED HE RAISED MATTY'S SALARY TO \$90 A MONTH THEN AND THERE.

3



**M**ATTY WON 21 AND LOST 2 FOR PORT-  
LAND. BOUGHT BY CINCINNATI IN 1900, HE  
WAS TRADED TO THE NEW YORK GIANTS  
FOR AMOS RUSIE, AND CASH.

THAT PITCH WAS A  
CURVE WITH A CHANGE  
OF PACE. I'VE NEVER  
SEEN ANYTHING LIKE  
IT. IT JUST FADES AWAY!



**T**HE FADE-AWAY BROUGHT MATTY  
STARDOM. IN THE 1905 WORLD'S  
SERIES AGAINST THE PHILA. ATH-  
LETICS, MATTY PITCHED 3 SHUT-  
OUTS: 3-0, 9-0, AND 2-0!

LAST YEAR, YOUR 13TH WITH  
THE GIANTS, YOU LED THE  
LEAGUE IN EARNED RUN AVERAGE,  
2.06. YOU PITCHED IN 40 GAMES,  
FACED 1,195 BATTERS WITHOUT  
HITTING ONE. HOW D'YA DO IT?

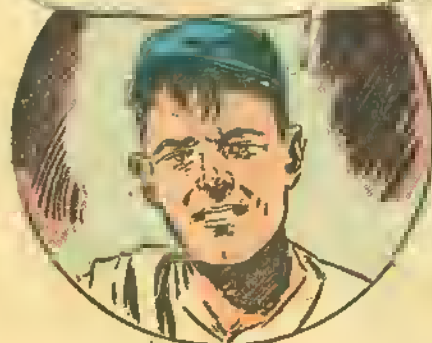


**M**ATTY'S RECORD OF 3 SHUT-  
OUTS IN ONE SERIES STILL STANDS.

I PRACTICED HARD TO  
LEARN CONTROL. BUT  
THE SECRET IS, I NEVER  
BEAR DOWN UNLESS THERE  
IS A POSSIBLE RUN ON BASE!

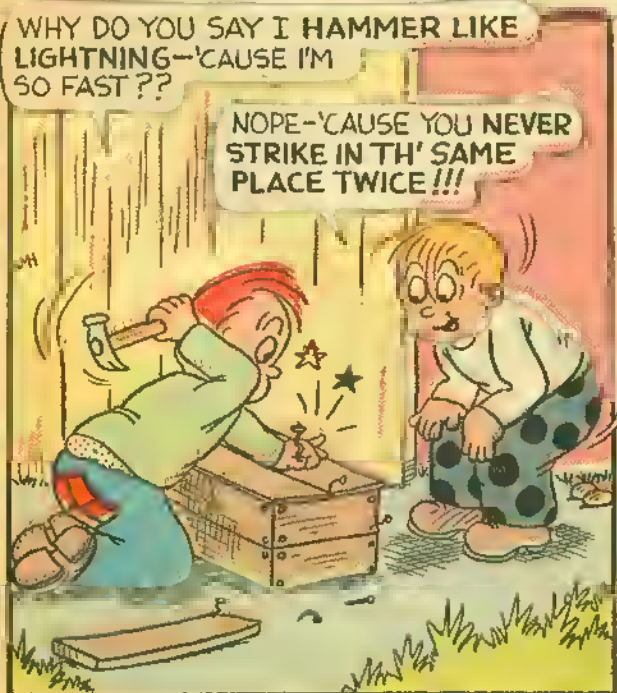
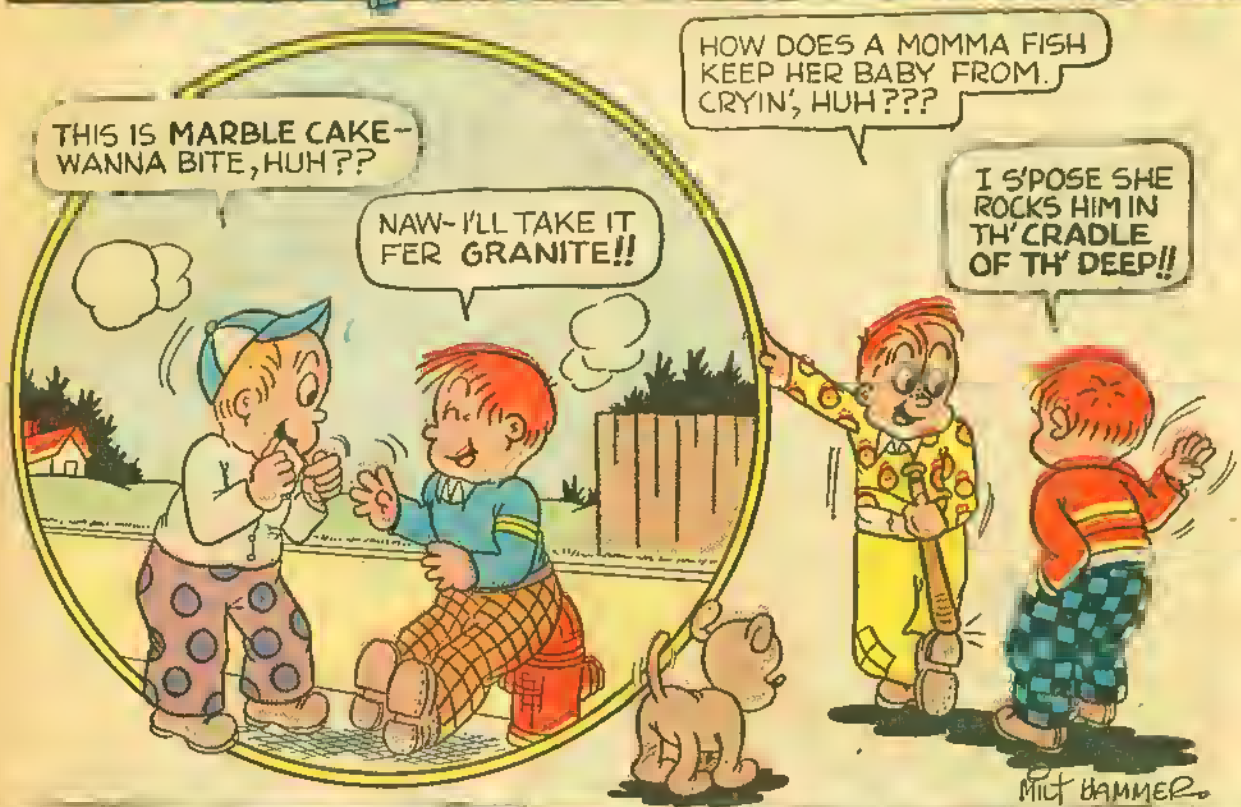
**P**LAYING 16  
YEARS WITH  
THE GIANTS, MATTY  
WON OVER 350 GAMES!

**T**HE BUST OF  
MATHEWSON  
STANOS IN BASE-  
BALL'S HALL OF  
FAME AT COOPERS-  
TOWN, NEW YORK.



**N**O PITCHER HAS  
EVER BEEN ABLE  
TO DUPLICATE THE  
FADE-AWAY, THE  
STRONGEST PITCH  
OF THEM ALL!

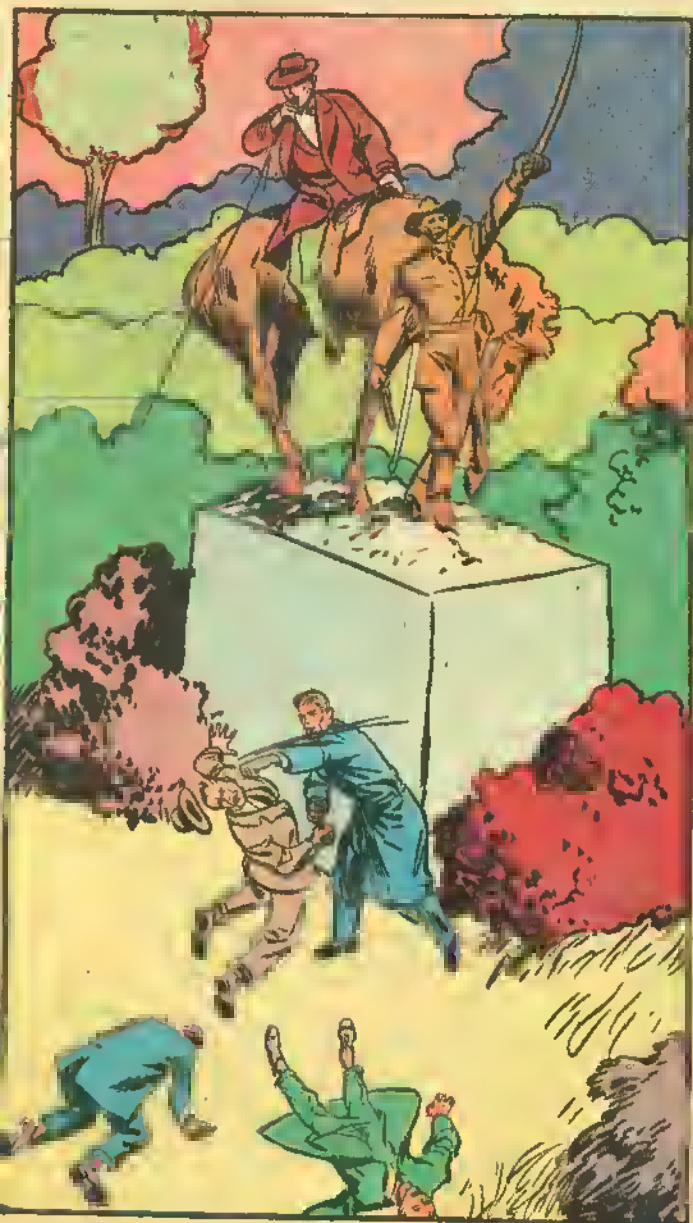
# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS





# Rick Richards

**E**VEN WINOY PUNNER, PROFESSIONAL COMIC, CAN'T JOKE ABOUT THE STRANGE PLIGHT OF A CITY TURNED OVER TO CROOKS! AND THE DANGEROUS JOB OF LIBERATION FALLS ON OASHING RICK RICHARDS!



**H**IGH IN THE RICHARDS BUILDING, RICK CONTROLS HIS FAR-FLUNG INTERESTS---BUT ONE INTEREST NO ONE CAN CONTROL IS WINOY PUNNER!

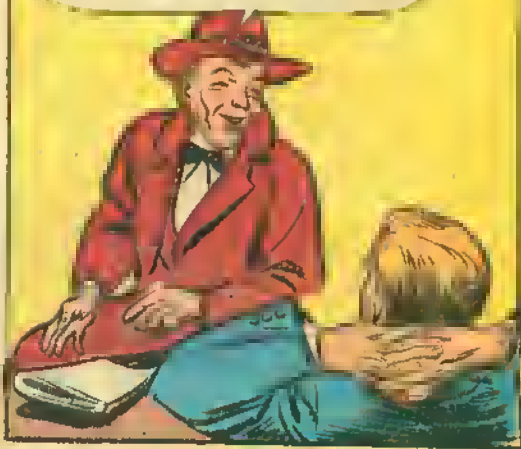


MY PRESS AGENT'S A GENIUS!

IS THIS ON THE LEVEL?



SURE! I NEED PUBLICITY, AND SO DOES MILL CITY TO PUSH ITS PRODUCTS!



SO TODDLE-OO,  
RICK! MAYOR  
PUNNER IS OFF  
TO MIND HIS  
METROPOLIS!

SO LONG,  
YOUR HONOR--  
AND I HOPE  
THE SAME  
GOES FOR  
MILL CITY!

IT'S ONLY A HARMLESS  
STUNT--BUT I BET  
WINDY GETS INTO  
SOME MESS!

MEANWHILE THE MESS IS BEING  
COOKED UP--BY EXPERTS!

I KNOW EVERY  
ANGLE TO MILL  
CITY'S LAWS!  
WE CAN BECOME  
MASTERS OF  
THE CITY!

YOU'RE THE  
SMARTEST  
SHYSTER IN  
TOWN,  
BLACKSTONE,  
BUT WHAT'S THE  
PITCH?

THIS FOOL COMIC WILL  
HAVE FULL POWERS FOR  
A DAY! IF HE SIGNS  
THESE DOCUMENTS,  
I'LL BE BOSS---  
AND LEGALLY!

WOW!  
WE CAN MAKE  
FORTUNES IN  
GRAFT!

THIS WILL BE THE  
MOST PERFECT SWINDLE  
IN HISTORY! I CAN  
SIT BACK AND EAT  
CHESTNUTS FOR THE  
REST OF MY LIFE!

LET'S MEET PUNNER  
AT THE STATION AND  
GIVE HIM A ROYAL  
WELCOME!

GREETINGS, FANS!  
MILL CITY, I AM HERE!

A LITTLE LESS  
MUGGING, PLEASE!



FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS  
YOU ARE THE OFFICIAL MAYOR!  
THE KEY TO THE CITY, SIR!

THANKS, BUT  
IT WON'T FIT  
MY KEY CHAIN!

PERMIT ME TO DRIVE YOU TO  
CITY HALL, MAYOR PUNNER!



ER--PLEASE TAKE  
CARE OF SOME  
MINOR DETAILS--  
YOUR SIGNATURE,  
MAYOR PUNNER?

SO LONG  
AS IT  
AIN'T A  
CHECK!

THERE! I  
SIGNED 'EM ALL!  
ANYTHING  
ELSE?

THAT'S ALL,  
MAYOR!  
I'LL DO THE  
REST! HAVE A  
CHESTNUT!



**BLACKSTONE HASTENS TO  
DESTROY MILL CITY'S  
CIVIC ORGANIZATION!**

BUT THESE  
MEN ARE  
NOTORIOUS  
CROOKS!

MAYBE--BUT  
FROM NOW ON  
THEY RUN THE  
POLICE DEPART-  
MENT, SEE!  
MAYOR'S ORDER!



YOU'RE OUT, GENTLEMEN!  
I'LL TAKE OVER YOUR  
FUNCTIONS!

THIS IS  
OUTRAGEOUS!



OUTRAGEOUS--  
BUT STRICTLY  
LEGAL!

YOU BLASTED  
SHYSTER! YOU'LL  
STEAL THE CITY  
INTO BANKRUPTCY!



IDIOT! MILL CITY IS RUINED! HANGING'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU!

HUH?

CROOKS FOR COPS! CROOKS RUNNING EVERY DEPARTMENT! NOT AN HONEST MAN LEFT AS A CITY EMPLOYEE---AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

ULP! I'LL BE KNOWN AS A SAP FROM COAST TO COAST!

ACCORDING TO LAW, WE CAN'T TOUCH THEM TILL NEXT ELECTION-- TWO YEARS OFF!

GET ME RICK RICHARDS --- QUICK!

I'LL BE RUINED! THE CITY WILL BE RUINED! YA GOTTA STOP THIS BLACKSTONE MENACE!

I'LL TRY, WINDY! IMMEDIATELY!

THE BEST WAY TO STOP THESE TRICKS IS THROUGH SOME TRICKS OF MY OWN. I'LL HAVE TO JOIN BLACKSTONE'S GANG!

SOON ---

HE INSISTS ON SEEIN' YOU, BOSS!

I FIGURED YOU NEED A BODYGUARD, MR. BLACKSTONE!

I DO NEED 'EM--- AND I HAVE 'EM! RUN ALONG!

MAYBE THEY'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH!





MIND IF I TOSS YOU AROUND, CHUM?

JUST TRY IT, CHUMP!



OOOH! LEGGO!

HOW'S THAT, BLACKSTONE?

YES! THAT KIND OF POWER OVER MY MEN GUARANTEES THEIR LOYALTY!



WHEW! WITH THOSE CONFESSIONS I COULD SMASH THE ENTIRE MOB!



OPEN UP! LET THE MAYOR IN!

I'LL KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU ONCE YOUR CONFESSION'S IN WITH THE OTHERS!

IT'S REALLY SIMPLE!



EXCELLENT! JUST SIGN A CONFESSION TO A CRIME, AND YOU'RE HIRED!

SIGN A CONFESSION?

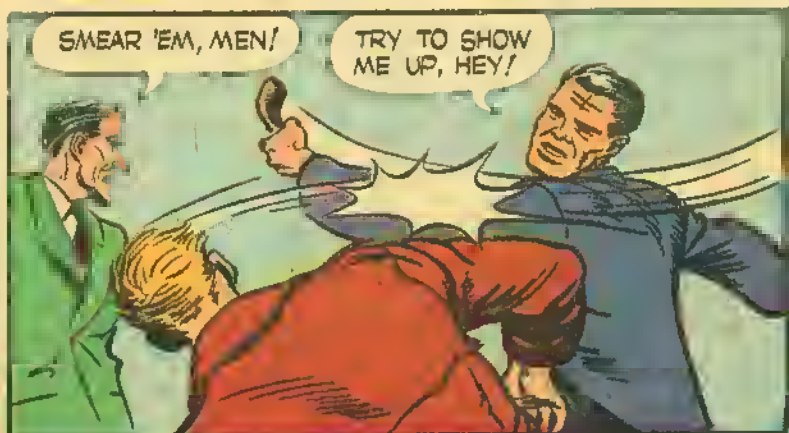


RICK RICHARDS! I MIGHTA KNOWN YOU'D COME TO SQUASH THESE LOW-OWN LEECHES!

OH-OH! THERE GOES MY PLAN!

RICK RICHARDS?

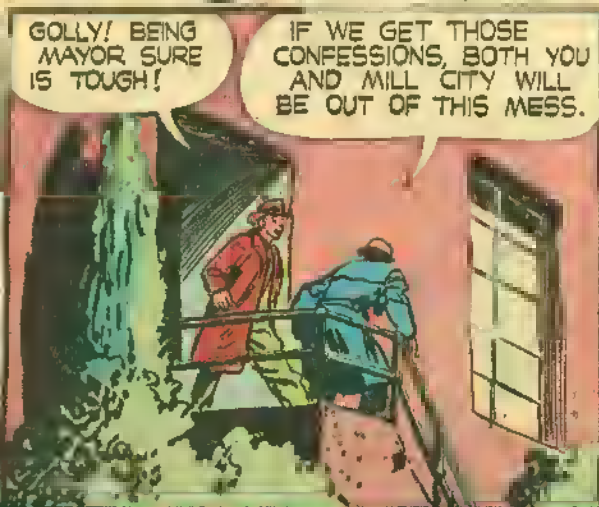
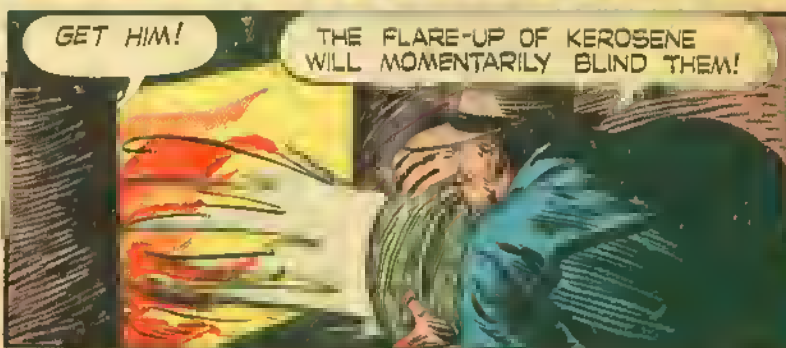
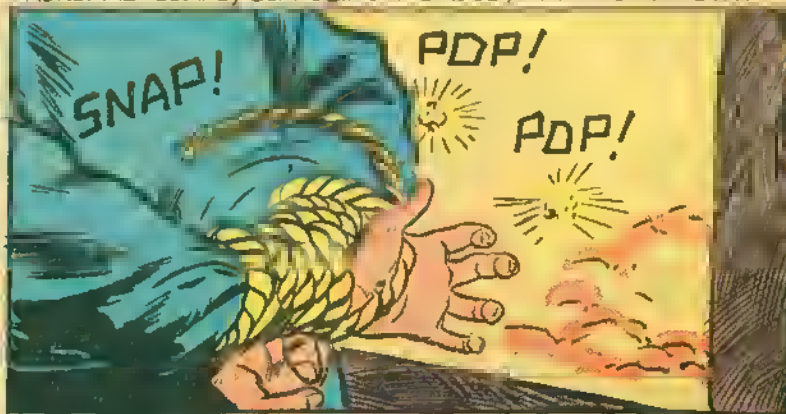








THE SHARP POPPING STIMULATES RICK'S REMARKABLE ADRENAL GLAND, SUFFUSING HIS BODY WITH STRENGTH.



WITH THE CITY UNDER HIS THUMB, BLACKSTONE WEAVES A TIGHT NET FOR RICK AND WINDY!



QUESTION No. 16. Sir William Blackstone (1723-80) was famous in what profession?

HEAR THAT? IF WE DON'T CRACK INTO CITY HALL FOR THOSE CONFESSIONS, WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE!

GOSH! AND BLACKSTONE TRIPLED THE CITY-HALL GUARD!

GO TO CITY SQUARE, WINOY! WHILE YOU ATTRACT EVERYBODY'S ATTENTION, I'LL SNEAK UP THE FIRE ESCAPE TO BLACKSTONE'S ROOM!

HERE, SON, I NEED THAT WEAPON MORE THAN YOU DO!  
THANKS! THAT'S A REAL GOOD BEANSHOOTER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, OCCUPANTS OF CITY SQUARE ARE SURPRISED TO SEE ----

THIS OUGHTA GET THEIR ATTENTION!

HEY, YOU!

I'M COUNTING ON YOU, WINOY!

I HOPE THEY DON'T COUNT ME OUT!

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS --- LEND ME YOUR EARS! NOT THAT MY OWN AREN'T BIG ENOUGH! GATHER ROUND!

WINDY'S ANTICS QUICKLY ATTRACT A LARGE CROWD!

WHAT GOES ON?

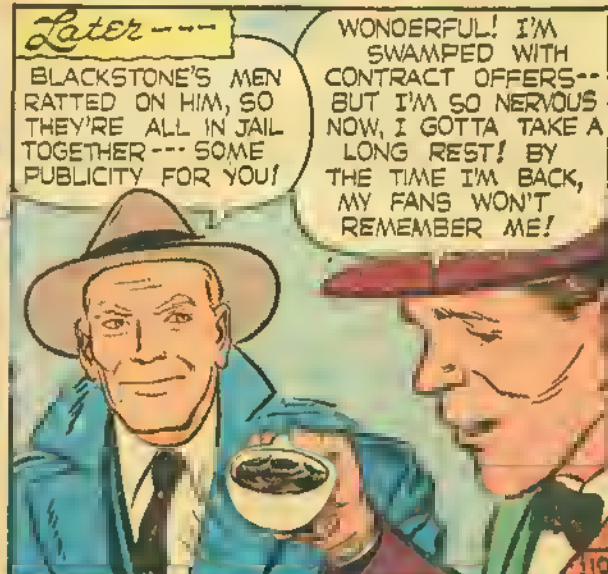
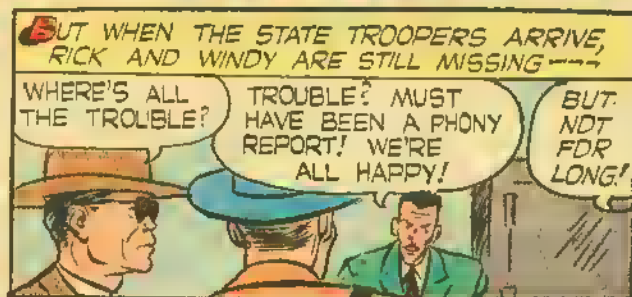
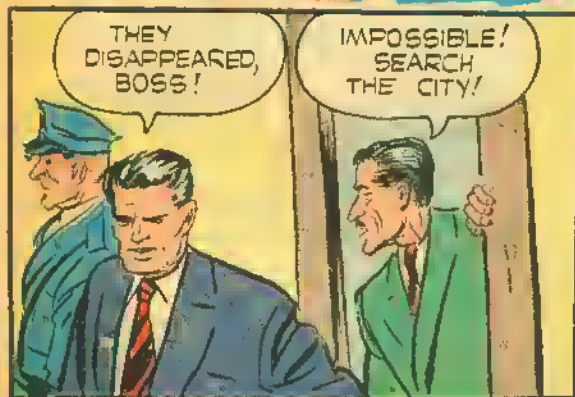
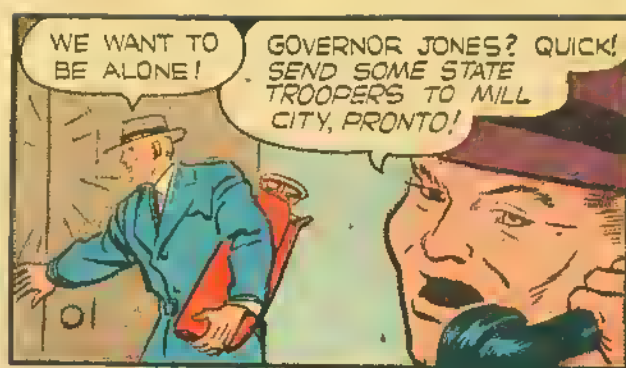
TEAR HIM DOWN!

LOOKIT THE SAP!





QUESTION No. 17. Under what kind of tree did Longfellow's blacksmith stand?





# FRAIDY-CAT PHIL

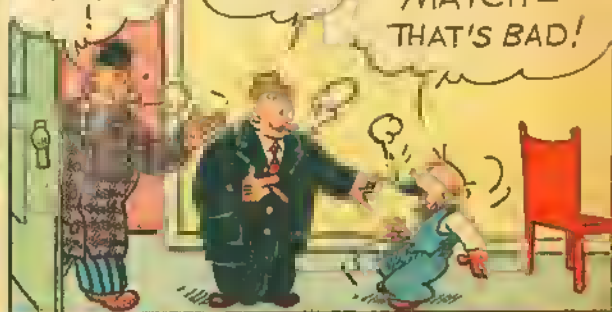
WOULDN'T THIS  
BURN YOU UP!



SWELL  
EVENING,  
FRAIDY-CAT

THANKS -  
HAVE A  
LIGHT!

OH! OH!  
THREE ON A  
MATCH -  
THAT'S BAD!



GOT A LETTER TO  
WRITE BEFORE I  
HIT TH' HAY -



MAY AS WELL USE  
THIS NEW FANGLED  
ASH RECEIVER TH'  
BATTLE-AX GOT ME  
FOR MY BIRTHDAY -



LET ME SEE -  
NOW - DEAR,  
SIR -



HMM - I WONDER  
IF I SPELLED  
"INCINIRATOR"  
RIGHT -



THERE! THAT ABOUT  
WINDS IT UP...



HOLY Q. MURPHY!  
THE FLOOR IS FULL  
OF ASHES - AND  
I WAS SURE I  
WAS PUTTIN'  
'EM IN TH' ASH  
RECEIVER ALL  
TH' TIME !!



PHILIP, DEAR -  
WHAT IN THE WORLD  
ARE YOU DOING UP  
AT THIS LATE  
HOUR ?!!

DOO!!  
STAY STILL!



HELP!

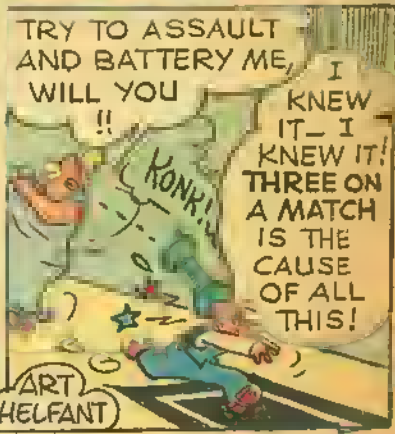
IT  
BOUNCED  
!



TRY TO ASSAULT  
AND BATTERY ME,  
WILL YOU  
!!

I  
KNEW  
IT - I  
KNEW IT!  
THREE ON  
A MATCH  
IS THE  
CAUSE  
OF ALL  
THIS!

ART  
HELFANT

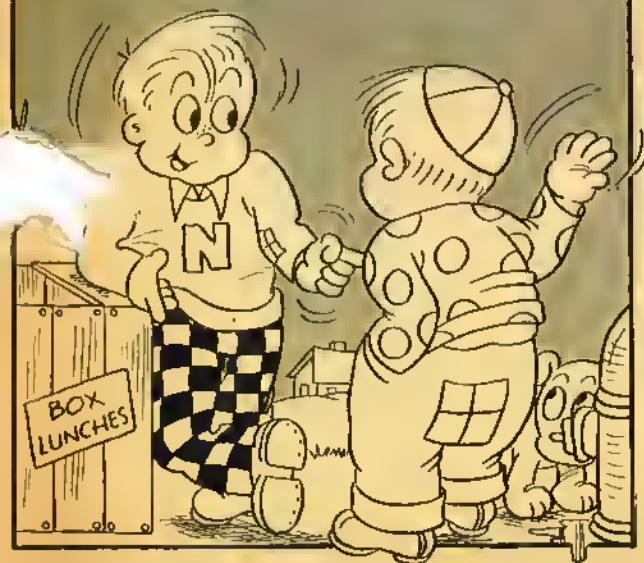


# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

by  
MILT HAMMER

HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT IN THAT PIE  
EATING CONTEST YESTERDAY ???

JIMMY CAME IN  
FIRST, 'N I CAME  
IN SICKENED!!!



WOT D'YA MEAN TH' CHINESE DON'T  
DRINK TEA OUT OF A CUP ??

'CAUSE IT SAYS HERE IN  
MY BOOK THAT THEY  
DRINK OUT OF DOORS!



ISN'T IT FUNNY, THAT LOTS OF  
SUCCESSFUL MEN ARE **BALDHEADED?**

SURE-THAT'S 'CAUSE  
THEY COME OUT  
ON TOP!!!



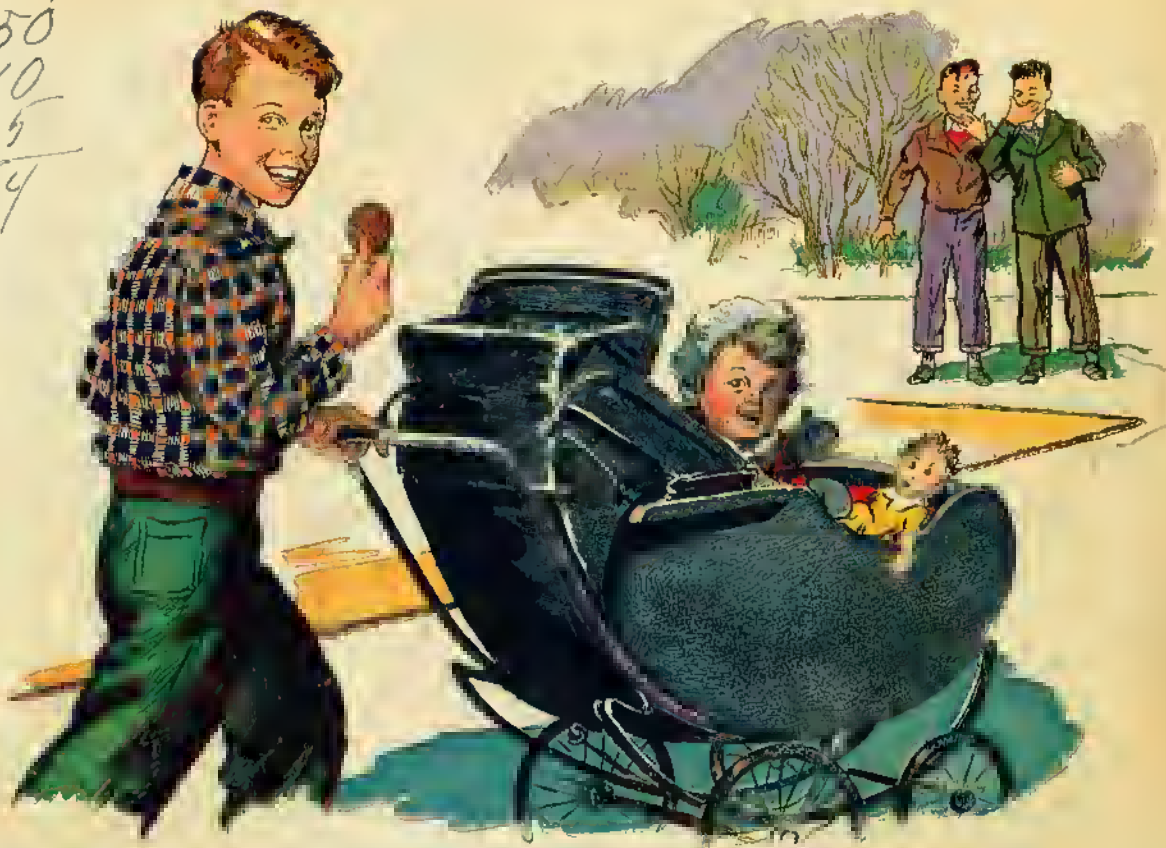
WHY D'YA SAY I'M A POOR JUDGE  
OF HUMAN NATURE, CHUCK ???

'CAUSE YOU HAVE SUCH  
A GOOD OPINION  
OF YOURSELF!!!





139  
250  
240  
125  
654



# MOM PROMISED ME- Cookies

made with



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